

The

74 10

THE
PREP SCHOOL
LIBRARY
ST. LEO, FLORIDA

GRAIL



October
1942

The Grail

Volume 24, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1942

IN THIS ISSUE

The Primacy of Praise	<i>Michael Ducey, O.S.B.</i>	305
Sixty thousand People Become Catholic		306
Test Yourself		307
Program for The Liturgical Week 1942		308
Between the Lines	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	310
The Catholic Mind—Is it Hide-bound?		312
Books for the Teens	<i>Calvin T. Ryan</i>	313
List of Books for Boys and Girls		315
A New Role for Columbus		
	<i>William Timmermeyer & Robert Strange</i>	316
Test Yourself	<i>Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.</i>	318
The Jester's Prayer	<i>Aimée Torriani</i>	319
Preacher Extraordinary	<i>Marion Kinsdale</i>	323
Echoes from Our Abbey Halls		324
Mary O'Connel—Caterer	<i>Frances Denham</i>	326
Meditorials	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	329
House of Immortality	<i>Paschal Boland, O.S.B.</i>	329
Brother Meinrad Helps		330
This is Wilderness	<i>Paul Wilhelm</i>	332
I Learned	<i>Richard L. Skinner</i>	335
The Workmanship of God	<i>Lactantius</i>	336
Let's Laugh!—And Enjoy it	<i>Leslie E. Dunkin</i>	
	Rear inside cover	

THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in United States Patent Office)

EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25; Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

**THE GRAIL,
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA**

We employ no agents.

THE GRAIL maintains an office at 341 Madison Ave., New York City, under the management of Mrs. Marie H. Doyle. Phone MU 6-7096. THE GRAIL's eastern representative, the Rev. Charles Dudine, O.S.B., can be reached through this office. Personal calls relative to the magazine and to the Knights of the Grail will be given courteous and prompt attention. Literary contributions should be sent directly to **THE GRAIL, Benedictine Fathers, St. Meinrad, Indiana.**

THE PRIMACY OF PRAISE

Michael Ducey, O.S.B.

THE announced general theme for the St. Meinrad *Liturgical Week*, "The Praise of God: Its significance and importance in Catholic life," will doubtless be greeted with surprise on the part of some Catholics, since it apparently deals with an element of the faith rather remote from our ordinary experience, and therefore scarcely worthy of such concentrated attention at a time like the present. Surely, it may be argued, topics of greater practical importance could have been chosen for the deliberations of so representative a gathering, particularly when we are now being confronted, as a Catholic body, with new and extremely vexatious problems as the direct result of war and the national emergency.

Plausible enough, this objection is quickly resolved when subjected to the exacting test of traditional Catholic doctrine. Thus, despite the pressing needs of this or any hour, despite even the dire threats of famine and death and all manner of destruction that are carried by the scourge of war, we know that the entire content of Catholic belief remains immovable and unchanging, the calm and flawless beauty of the Bride of Christ remains unmarred, unaffected thereby.

This being true with regard to the Deposit of Faith as a whole, it is certainly true with regard to specific portions of that Deposit, particularly those that are of its very essence, as is the one under consideration. Faithful performance of her duty of divine praise, constancy in stressing the superior value of this basic function of Catholic life, must always be a primary concern of the Church of God, no matter what her exterior trials or vicissitudes may be. Let us examine a little more closely the reasons why.

Perhaps we can best begin by referring to an appropriate and familiar parallel. The delightfully human episode related in the Gospels, wherein Martha of Bethany protested to our Lord over the apparent indifference of her sister

Mary, illustrates to a remarkable degree the "primacy of praise," the superior value (to the Christian) of performing what may be called the duty of worship, as compared with the duties of fraternal charity and service, in their order of importance. For Martha was "busy and careful about many things," things that were useful, even necessary in view of the immediate exigency of her situation; yet she was obviously less successful in pleasing her divine Master, with all her industry and solicitude, than was her apparently idle sister Mary. Why? Obviously because the latter's idleness was *only* apparent, and concealed, besides a holy indifference to mundane concerns, a profound and loving appreciation for the Divine Being who was present before her. And so it was that Jesus, in the face of Martha's otherwise reasonable protest, stated clearly and emphatically that Mary's choice of occupation was the better, nobler one. In other words, what Mary had elected to do, despite the apparent pressing need for exterior secular activity, was to lose herself in contemplation of the magnificence and perfection of God, and to utter within her secret soul, words of love and adoration and praise



in consequence; and it was precisely this manner of conduct which Eternal Wisdom itself characterized for all time as being "the better part."

Is this then another mystery of faith? Must we depend less upon our human understanding than upon the revelation of divine truth thus made, for our unswerving acceptance of this spiritual principle? Undoubtedly: for such an assent generally demands, in the long run, a rejection of ordinary motives of conduct, normal standards of human "prudence," or "practical" wisdom, that is difficult for unaided nature to accomplish. Perhaps it was to this aspect of Catholic faith that Our Lord was referring when He characterised the "wisdom of this world" as "foolishness with God"; perhaps He regarded Martha's conduct as representing that type of action which is dictated chiefly by human prudence, and Mary's behaviour, the type springing directly from faith, and intrinsically more pleasing and precious in His sight. Certainly it is in this connection that we can apply the divine admonition to *seek first the Kingdom of God: i.e., to allow nothing outside of God and His Glory to occupy the first place in our affections, our spiritual strivings and concerns.* And perhaps it was this same principle Our Lord had in mind when as a youth He chose temporarily to withhold complete subservience to the wishes of His Mother and foster father, and to allow "My Father's business" to occupy

His entire interest and concern; and certainly something similar was uppermost in His mind when, in teaching His Apostles to pray, He enjoined them *first* to hallow and glorify the Father's name; or when finally, as His last hour approached, He thus characterised the deeds of His life: "Father... *I have glorified thee on earth; I have accomplished the work thou hast given me to do.*" (Jno. 17:4).

But our acceptance of this principle of the "primacy of praise" need not necessarily depend upon faith alone, for reason enlightened by faith quite easily demonstrates and clarifies its necessity. For example, the greatest theologians of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas particularly, agree that in creating man, God's "motive" could be only one that would be *worthy* of Himself: the expansion or extension of His glory. Any lesser motive, such as man's happiness, would not befit the infinite perfection of His nature. Now this end is literally accomplished when man, by the use of his natural endowments of intellect and will, gives voice to his appreciation of the divine magnificence, recognises and extols God's glory. In other words, the performance of this act of praise may truly be said to be man's first and foremost duty, since it is, practically speaking, the primary reason why he has been created. Of course, there are various degrees of perfection in which

man may fulfill it, ranging from the lowest form of praise, which is that implied by *obedience* to God's commands, to its highest and most perfect expression in the divinely directed and perfect act of praise rendered by the Church officially in her liturgical life. There, above all in the Eucharistic Sacrifice, a sublimity and an excellence of homage is attained which bears a value and an importance for man which can hardly be exaggerated, and which far surpasses in its intrinsic worth not only every other form of human praise, but also every other form of virtuous conduct, every possible type of Christian striving for perfection.

Hence it is that, at the St. Meinrad Week, the topical program has been so arranged as to present a clear and comprehensive picture of this important and highly significant aspect of our Catholic life. Its choice has been brought about by a combination of circumstances, chiefly the fact that this year's meeting is to take place in an atmosphere peculiarly suggestive of all its implications, for life in a Benedictine monastery such as St. Meinrad's is regulated and carried on always with an eye to the preeminence of this principle. Then too, it comes as a natural sequel to the considerations of the two previous gatherings, concerned as they were with ways and means of promoting a more active and intelligent participation in Catholic liturgical life generally, on

60,000 People Become Catholics in the U. S. A. Every Year

SIXTY THOUSAND people embrace Catholicism each year in this country alone. That's 5,000 a month, 1,154 a week, 164 a day. And mind you, these people were not born Catholics—were not educated in Catholic schools. No, they entered the Church—most of them—in adult life, after considering the subject of religion from every angle, and after the thorough course of study required for such a step.

Can this be the Church that teaches all those absurd, superstitious, evil and unpatriotic things which have been so widely circulated? No, for such a church does

not exist except in the minds of the malign and gullible.

HAVE YOU EVER TALKED WITH A CATHOLIC—a Catholic of your own intellectual status—about the many accusations against the Church? Perhaps you have not for fear of hurting his feelings. Our Society has no feelings to hurt, but only a great desire to give you the truth, so that you, in your fair-mindedness, may hear both sides of the story. Write us anything you want to know and we will courteously reply with facts from authentic sources.

—Catholic Information Society of Narberth, Narberth, Pa.

the part of laity as well as clergy and religious. Finally, its choice seems specially appropriate now that we are engulfed in a sea of troubles that are unwonted, extraordinary, and that tend to preempt an unusual amount of our care and attention even in the realm of the spirit. For surely, if "the primacy of praise" must be recognized by Catholics in ordinary times, its recognition and acceptance in a great crisis like the present is all the more important.

So the various speakers at the *Week* will endeavor to establish the truth and importance of its principle from every possible aspect. Thus, on the first day, six different papers will be given on what may be called the "theory" of Christian praise. At the morning session, the subjects are: "The Glory of God," and "The Praise of Creation": the one explaining why the praise of God is so important, and the other, what this praise consists in. In the afternoon, three speakers will describe the various ways in which Our Lord Himself offered (and continues to offer) praise to God: i.e., in His earthly career, in His glorified state, and in us His members. At the evening meeting two papers will be given in further and more detailed elaboration of the means by which Christ praises God through us and for us: i.e., in the Sacrifice of the Mass primarily, and in the Divine Office, official "song of praise" of Christ and His Church.

On the two following days, the various speakers will apply the above conclusions or theoretical principles to a number of concrete situations in practical daily life. Thus, "High Mass and Vespers" as the ideal and most authentic forms of popular Catholic praise, will be discussed from several points of view, with reference to the difficulties met with by Catholics today in realizing this ideal. Special papers will be given respectively on difficulties in the matter of singing, of understanding the Latin, and of becoming familiar with the text of Holy Scripture. Then, after a treatment of the topic "Art in the Service of Praise," which is aimed to establish clearly the function of

church decoration in general and of ritual ceremony and vesture in particular, as important auxiliaries of popular praise, an attempt will be made by several well qualified speakers to draw practical conclusions suggested by the present world crisis. For example, Dr. Max Jordan, foreign representative of the National Broadcasting Company, will draw from his personal experiences abroad to describe the results of a "perversion of divine praise" that actuates in large measure the programs of the totalitarian powers. Father Vincent Donovan, well known Dominican from New York, will then attempt to picture the broad lines along which a sound and impregnable Catholic "morale" in war time may be developed, based upon a proper performance of the duty of praise; and finally, Dom Bernard Sause, Benedictine monk of Atchison, Kansas, will present a study of efforts now under way to bring about a better understanding and performance of the duty of liturgical praise among Catholic members of our armed forces, despite the obvious difficulties presented by their exterior surroundings.

In short, the *St. Meinrad Liturgical Week* will consist of an exhaustive, authoritative, and practical exposition of this fundamental

aspect of Catholic doctrine, and should result, we believe, in clarifying, for many people, its basic significance and importance. In all, a total of forty speakers are listed on the program (see p. 308) among whom are Bishops, secular and religious priests, lay persons, all of whom have been chosen for their special qualifications of leadership in the liturgical field, and in addition, are a fair representation of the Church geographically in this country. And the fact that the program is being presented upon the edifying background of a Benedictine monastery, should prove of special interest, particularly because St. Meinrad's has become well known for its high standard of liturgical observance. Here at the Abbey it is relatively easy for the worshipper to become conscious of his "primary duty of praise," if he assists reverently at the inspiring Conventual High Mass daily, Vespers, and Compline. So a crowd of "participants" at the *Week* is anticipated which may tax all available facilities to the limit; and hence if any of our readers wish to come, we urge them to write immediately to the Rev. Secretary, *The Liturgical Week*, St. Meinrad, Ind., for information and room reservations, as the available space is being rapidly engaged.

Test Yourself!

In this series of questions and answers Father Eugene has been asked to prepare some thought-provoking queries for our readers. The answers to some, of course, will be subjective, and possibly no two persons would answer exactly alike. But it is always interesting to think out our own answers and then to compare them with the answers of another. Before turning to the answers on page 318, TEST YOURSELF!

1. Is it advisable for mothers to bring their very young infants to Mass, when their behaviour might distract the worshippers and interfere with the liturgy?
2. Would you advise displaying religious pictures and crucifixes in the parlors of our homes, even if this practice brings ridicule?
3. Should a child be instructed in catechism, the saying of prayers, etc., before starting to school?
4. How can I make a meditation if I am too tired to pray the customary prayers?
5. Who was Josephus Flavius?
6. Who was Mary Magdalen?

The Liturgical Week 1942

Patron
The Most Rev.
Joseph E. Ritter, D.D.,
Bishop of Indianapolis

Honorary Chairman
The Rt. Rev.
Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.
Abbot, St. Meinrad's Abbey

National Sponsoring Body
The Benedictine Liturgical
Conference

Local Committee

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Raymond R. Noll, V.G., Chairman
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frederic Ketter, R.D.
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis A. Roell, R.D.
Rev. Francis A. Macke, S.J.

Rev. Romuald Mollaun, O.F.M.
Rev. Paschal Murray, O.M.C.
Rev. Albert G. Wicke
Rev. D. Michael Ducey, O.S.B., Executive Secretary

Program

THEME: "The Praise of God: Its significance and primary importance in Catholic life"

OCTOBER 12

7:00 P.M. Opening Assembly (Auditorium)
Active Chairman Rt. Rev. Raymond R. Noll, V.G.,
Chairman, Local Committee on Arrangements
Address of Welcome Abbot Ignatius
Remarks Rev. William Busch,
Local Chairman, St. Paul *Liturgical Week* 1941
Keynote Address: *The Praise of God*
Rev. J. J. Holleran, M.A., Spiritual Director, St.
Francis Minor Seminary, St. Francis, Wis.
Remarks: Bishop Ritter
9:15 P.M. Compline (Abbey Church)

OCTOBER 13

8:00 A.M. Pontifical Conventual Mass*
Abbot Ignatius, Celebrant
Sermon Member of Hierarchy
9:45 A.M. General Meeting*
Active Chairman Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J.,
St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas
The Glory of God Rev. John La Farge, S.J.,
Executive Editor *America*, New York, N. Y.
The Praise of Creation
..... Rev. William F. Furlong, M.A.,
Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J.

1:45 P.M. Forum

Subject: THE PRAISE OF CHRIST

Moderator Very Rev. Reynold Hillenbrand, S.T.D.,
Rector, St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill.

1. *The Praise of Christ on Earth*
Rev. B. J. Cunningham, C.M., Vincentian Fathers
Mission Band, Kansas City, Mo.
2. *The Praise of Christ in Heaven and in His Church*
Rev. Charles Schmitt, Chaplain, Sisters of the
Precious Blood, O'Fallon, Mo.
3. *The Praise of Christ in His Individual Members*
Rev. Justin Mulcahey, C.P., St. Mary's Monastery,
Dunkirk, N. Y.

4:00 P.M. Vespers

7:00 P.M. General Meeting

Active Chairman Rev. Benedict Ehmann,
Professor of Church Music, St. Bernard's Seminary,
Rochester, N. Y.

Praise in Sacrifice and Sacrament
Rev. Roland T. Winel, St. Joseph's Cathedral,
Columbus, Ohio

Praise in Mystic Song Rev. D. Bede Scholz, O.S.B.,
Editor *Altar & Home*, Conception, Mo.

9:15 P.M. Compline

* All liturgical functions will be conducted in the
Abbey Church, all topical sessions in the students' audi-
torium.

OCTOBER 14

8:00 A.M. Solemn Conventual Mass
 Homily Member of Hierarchy
 9:45 A.M. Symposium

Subject: PRAISE IN THE LIVING PARISH

Moderator Rev. Leonard Wernsing,
 Pastor, St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind.

1. The Ideal: Participation by the People

in High Mass & Office Rev. E. Thibault, P.S.S.,
 Music Director, Canadian Catholic Hour, Montreal

2. Realising the Ideal: *In a city parish*

- 1) Rev. William H. Huelsmann, S.T.L.,
 Pastor, Holy Family Church, St. Louis, Mo.
- 2) Rev. Henry A. Velte,
 Pastor, St. Boniface Church,
 Milwaukee, Wis.

In a country parish

- 1) Rev. Joseph P. McGeever, D.D.,
 Pastor, St. Joseph's Church, Ambler, Pa.
- 2) Rev. Ernest A. Burtle,
 Pastor, St. Joseph's Church, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

1:45 P.M. Forum

Subject:

THE MUSIC OF DIVINE PRAISE: GREGORIAN CHANT

Moderator Rev. Thomas F. Dennehy, Mus. D.,
 President, St. Gregory Society of America; Bloom-
 field, Conn.

1. Chant and the Clergy.. Rev. Joseph T. Kush, S.T.D.,
 Professor of Gregorian Chant, St. Mary of the
 Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill.

2. Chant and the Laity.....
 Rev. Robert E. Brennan, Mus. D., Director, Com-
 mission for Church Music, Archdiocese of Los
 Angeles

3. The Organist and Choir-Director.....
 Roland Boisvert, Mus. D., Organist, St. Louis
 Cathedral, New Orleans, La.

4:00 P.M. Vespers

7:00 P.M. General Meeting
 Active Chairman . Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph P. Morrison,
 Rector, Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, Ill.

Our Language of Praise..... Miss Mary Perkins,
 Praise and Holy Scripture... Rev. Bernard Laukemper,
 Pastor, St. Aloysius' Church, Chicago, Ill.

9:15 P.M. Compline

OCTOBER 15

8:00 A.M. Solemn Conventual Mass

Homily Bishop Wm. A. Griffin
 of Trenton, N. J.

9:45 A.M. General Meeting

Subject: ART IN THE SERVICE OF PRAISE

Active Chairman ... Very Rev. Joseph Lonergan, V.F.,
 Pastor, Church of St. Paulinus, Clairton, Pa.

1. Church Decoration.....
 Very Rev. D. Albert Hammenstede, O.S.B., Prior,
 St. Paul's Priory, Keyport, N. J.

2. Ceremony and Vesture
 Rev. William L. Lallou, Litt.D., Professor of
 Sacred Liturgy, Catholic University of America,
 Washington, D. C.

1:45 P.M. Forum

Subject: PRAISE AND THE PRESENT CRISIS

Moderator Rt. Rev. Msgr. Robert J. Sherry,
 Pastor, St. Andrew's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio

1. Modern Perversions of Praise .. Max Jordan, Ph.D.,
 Foreign Director, National Broadcasting Co., New
 York, N. Y.

2. Praise and Catholic Civilian Morale
 Rev. Vincent Donovan, O.P., National Director
 Catholic Thought Association, New York, N. Y.

3. Praise and Catholic Military Morale
 Rev. D. Bernard Sause, O.S.B., St. Benedict's Ab-
 bey, Atchison, Kansas.

4:00 P.M. Vespers

7:00 P.M. General Meeting

Active Chairman Monsignor Noll
 Summary and Conclusion Rev. Thomas J. Carroll,
 Assistant Director, Catholic Association for the
 Blind, Boston, Mass.

Looking Ahead Rev. Thomas F. Stack,
 St. Thomas' Seminary, Bloomfield, Conn.

9:15 P.M. Compline

OCTOBER 16

8:00 A.M. ... Pontifical Conventual Mass and sermon: Bishop Ritter

Note. Visitors may also attend, if they desire, the monastic hours of *Matins* and *Lauds* (4:00 A.M.) and *Prime* (5:45 A.M.). The *Little Hours* will either precede or follow the Conventual Mass.

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

American Destiny

OUR NATIONAL destiny seems to have caught up with us.

The question now is: what are we going to do about it. The import of news coming from all corners of the globe is that all beleaguered countries look to the United States, and the United States alone, as their present and future hope. Whether we want it or not, we have become the depository of a great worldwide confidence and a still greater responsibility. The world has put us on the spot.

Within the nation, it is apparent on all sides that we fully realize the solemn responsibility which has become ours. For some time now, national leaders have been formulating the beginnings of a new world society. It is most heartening to note that most of their utterances proclaim that the coming social structure must be built upon Christian principles. It is to be hoped, especially in the case of politicians, that the phrase "Christian principles" is not just so much verbal decoration, a hypocritical mouthing of words intended to automatically place the speaker on the side of all that is right and just. Christian principles must be installed and practiced in a very meaningful way if the world is to enjoy that happiness, peace, and justice which people have sought since the beginning of time.

However, we have every right to be rather dubious about what Americans as a whole mean by Christian principles when we realize that over fifty-one percent of the nation is unchurched. Of course, many of the unchurched do subscribe nominally to Christianity, but their brand is the negative sort rather than positive. While the negative kind may make for an orderly community, it will not aggressively eliminate the many injustices from which the world now suffers. What

the world needs today is not only a vigorous pushing of Christian ideals but also a renewed understanding of the truths upon which Christianity rests. This throws an additional burden upon faithful Christians, for obviously the unchurched do not perceive these fundamental truths as they should.

FIRST of all, millions of people must be made to see that man's destiny is spiritual. For some reason, the majority of mankind has put the cart before the horse, behaving as if the Creator put man on earth to attain wealth, gain political power, and to enslave everyone whom he considers inferior to himself. If he acquires his wealth without getting it at the point of a gun; if he achieves political power without becoming a Genghis Khan, an Attila, or a Hitler; if he does his enslaving without putting a ring through the noses of his victims; and, incidentally, if he preserves a semblance of secular morality which consists mostly of an appearance of personal and civic virtue, he thinks he is a very fine fellow and perfectly in accord with his Creator's designs for him. What gives him this idea, heaven only knows; for he certainly does not get it from any spoken or written rules which his Maker has given him for his guidance. It has been a persistent struggle for material gains instead of spiritual ones that has undeniably brought the world to its present misery.

Although the greater part of the world's masses do not see the deep lying causes which have brought about the continuous procession of wars, revolutions, economic and social oppressions which haunt their very dreams, they are becoming convinced that their troubles come about through something connected with immorality. Having lived far away from the spiritual conception of life, they are not quite sure what is moral

and what is immoral, but they show a keen desire now to know what true morality is. It is in this respect, as well as for military and economic help, that so many peoples look to the United States for guidance. Today, faced with the world's greatest cataclysm, people are ready to discuss morality in government, in business, and in social relations.

AS AMERICANS and world citizens, our problem is what we have to offer. With so much depending upon us, we simply dare not make a mistake, for the progress, happiness, and safety of billions may hang upon the pattern which we give to the world for a new society. Our question now is: as a nation, how much do we know about the correct spiritual approach to life and how often can we recognize the spiritual solutions to our problems. With over half of our people unchurched and with any discussion of religious principles strictly taboo in our public schools, it is reasonable to believe that our spiritual perception of daily affairs is not as keen as it should be. Therefore we must take steps to make sure that we do not offer to the world something which is only a refined degree of materialism. For while American materialism is not the crude, blunt kind which tramples rough shod and gracelessly over everybody and everything and although during the past hundred years it has been restricted by rules, conventions, and laws which often legalize it and would seem to make it moral, it nevertheless is far from life's true purpose. Therefore we Americans must acquire the proper spiritual conception of society or else we shall be caught like the five foolish virgins, our lamps untrimmed and empty of oil when the world requires light.

Politically, our Constitution has proved the best foundation for government which any people has yet

devised. Taking the comparatively new Baltic republics as examples of its appeal to peoples coming into self government, it is proving quite popular with nations setting up democratic governments. But the best plan of government possible, no matter how perfect it appears on paper, will not produce what is expected of it if it is not carried out with a high degree of morality. When the national morality is imperfectly developed or, being developed, becomes blunted, a paganistic view of governmental principles is bound to predominate. In our own country, it is our present failure to perceive the ideals of that society which our Creator intended us to follow that makes possible the disfranchisement of ten million impoverished Americans through the poll tax laws existing in several States. No matter what a constitution guarantees, these guarantees mean little if their non-fulfillment is winked at through an immoral conception of human rights. Constitutional pronouncements are easily nullified when intolerance and racial and social prejudices mean more to the dominant classes than do the rights of liberty and justice. A plan of democratic government may, and usually does, guarantee to the citizen body the full control of their government, yet the lack of moral conception of government may result in the widespread establishment of power-seeking bureaucrats who, regardless of their service or lack of service to the citizen body, selfishly compete among themselves for greater power and a more ruthless plundering of the national funds. Being only very indirectly responsible to the voters,—for most bureaucrats hold non-elective positions—a bureaucracy usually subverts the true purpose of democracy and, failing to conform to the proper relation of government to the governed, distorts and confounds the political end of society. The current Washington picture of bureaucrats bickering at and undermining each other, not in the best interests of the national effort but because of pride, prejudice, jealousy, petty-mindedness, and power-hunger, is very far from the moral conception of be-

havior. Continued lack of morality has led such officials to be blinded to the fact that every hour needlessly lost in bringing victory means death to thousands of additional people and that when such actions unnecessarily prolong the struggle, it is an indirect form of murder. Proper morality never permits petty grudge fights on the parts of public officials, especially when the entire nation is one huge war camp; and since so many of our officials, together with business heads who are connected closely with the war effort, persist in putting so many things ahead of the national weal, there is nothing left to us but the conclusion that they lack the morality which true democracy demands.

ECONOMICALLY, our nation's output and methods have changed the nation within a few years from an uncivilized wilderness to the world's most highly developed country with the highest standards of living. Yet, despite this, the nation hangs its head in shame that nearly 40% of its citizens are officially admitted to be undernourished, thus undeniably proving that very little morality governs the distribution of the national wealth and profits. Surely our present system of sharing production's fruits by all its producers cannot be offered to an economically sick world as a cure.

Socially our nation is far from being truly democratic. Although one-tenth of our population—the Negroes—are guaranteed full political rights by the Constitution, actually these rights are much more theoretical than real in many places. But if political equality is usually admitted, social equality never is. The discriminations against our colored citizens are well known, one of the most flagrant being a strict segregation which sets them apart from the balance of the citizen body in nearly every daily activity. With one segment of the present struggle being very definitely an attempt at emancipation of various colored peoples from their white overlords, current American social practices will scarcely appeal to any colored peoples seeking a pattern for a new society. Although our Declaration

of Independence proclaims the equality of all men, paganistic views of social equality have largely overcome the Christian ideals of the nation's founders. Christian brotherhood requires a rightly understood equality; and while it recognizes the differences existing in the stations and positions of men, it also recognizes that, in a spiritual way, all people belong to one great family and should be treated accordingly.

THE FOUR freedoms to which twenty-eight nations have subscribed and agreed to use as the basis for a new world society are based upon high moral conceptions of man's rights, but it will take a consistently high morality on the part of the subscribing nations and their citizens to bring them into actual being. Britain has already made an excellent start in bringing spiritual truths and the ethics of government and business to the people's attention through its Sword of the Spirit movement. Probably Britain's closer proximity to the battle scene and its longer participation in the war have brought its people face to face with the stark realization that only by a return to Christian principles can society be saved from utter destruction. Too long has the world been unwilling to recognize the necessity of the spiritual way of life as the only solution to its many miseries, but two world catastrophes within a quarter century are bringing the conviction that materialism ultimately means suffering and ruin.

The recent pastoral letter issued jointly by the Catholic Hierarchy of England and Wales should be in the hands of every citizen of the United Nations, so succinctly does it set forth the requirements of a safe and sane society. After calling attention to the fact that the Christian way of life is in danger, it continues: "We must not imagine that it is only a direct attack on Christian life that we have to meet. There is even a worse danger: namely, that we ourselves may meet the false claims of a pagan new order, not with resistance, not with a constructive answer, but with an indifference and passive acceptance." If the British

bishops are fearful of a possible inability of the British people to constructively meet the false claims of a pagan new order, how much more fearful should America's Christians be concerning a nation in which the majority of the people are unchurched and therefore out of touch with spiritual solutions to the time's momentous problems?

Then, continue the bishops: "Unless we as Catholics take our place in leading the way, with the help of all those men of good will whom our Holy Father welcomes to our side because they also love God and our Lord, we cannot expect a new national life to be built upon sound Christian lines."

Stating that a new world order is impossible unless there is spiritual health within each country separately, the pastoral reviews the principles upon which wholesome society is based. It stresses particularly the home's sacredness and the importance of parents properly fulfilling their obligations. But it also makes plain that an economic sufficiency for all is absolutely essential to an ordered society. With this in view, it lists ten points which should be the minimum Christians should accept. These conditions are applicable the world over, but seem particularly so to the United States, where the profit motive often supercedes the importance of human welfare in the minds of employers. Stating that "the dignity of man is

attacked every time a man has to sell his labor for less than a just wage," the bishops set down proposed remedies. They call for a living wage, not only sufficient for a moderately comfortable living but for savings as well. This, they state, should be the first charge on every industry, the standard being determined by an agreed standard of work, the capacity of the employer to pay, and a determined minimum for an average size family. Realizing that cases will exist in which certain employers cannot pay this minimum wage, they call for a sharing of proceeds according to needs or else the difference between what the employer can pay and the minimum standard agreed upon to be made up by State subsidies. This minimum standard must be sufficient so that wives will not find it imperative to work to help balance the family budget.

URGING employers and employed to become partners instead of rivals and that cutthroat competition give way to coordination of each trade and industry within itself and then cooperation with other businesses for the common good, the pastoral sounds the keynote for the reforms which will eliminate most of our economic evils. It also calls for proper housing and the abolishment of slums. And further: "Religious education, to meet the wishes of the parents, should be available to all school children, and on such con-

ditions that the general education of the child should not suffer in any way from its parents' insistence upon religious education."

Deploping the actions of huge financial and industrial groups which pursue their selfish interests to the detriment of the common welfare, the bishops point out that many of these abuses have been eliminated by proper government control demanded by war's exigencies. Then they declare an undeniable truth when they say that since the war has demonstrated that there is no practical difficulty in solving our wartime economic problems, there should be no more difficulty in peacetime since the same means, the same men, and the same materials exist then no less than in war. "All that is needed is a sufficiently compelling motive, a common purpose.... The national interest in matters of profits and prices does not differ in peacetime from what it is in wartime."

This truly remarkable document and its suggested reforms should receive the intelligent consideration of every patriotic American, regardless of religious affiliations; for we must soon be busying ourselves with the construction of a new society along this line unless we desire to lose the peace. The adoption of the economic and social reforms advocated by the British bishops will eliminate the threats of socialism and communism which postwar America will surely face.

The Catholic Mind—Is It Hide-Bound?

IN THE little store below the street level, the humble delicatessen dealer figures his profits on the basic principle that two and two make four. He has to, or he'll go wrong in his accounts.

Behind the mahogany desk, the expert engineer plans the mammoth sky-scraper on the basic principle that two and two make four. He has to, or his building will never stand.

The humblest Catholic layman and the wisest theologian worship on the same basic principle—that Christ founded one Church which, like its Founder, is infallible in matters to do with the soul.

If the theologian's mind is hide-bound because he must be guided by the same religious dogma as the layman's, then the engineer's mind is hide-bound because he dare not deviate from the delicatessen dealer's

mathematical dogma.

The dogmas of the Catholic Church are comparatively few—fewer than those of science and art—fewer than those of a profession or a business.

You can't even play a good game of golf without following the basic principles of the game. Then, why indict the Catholic who does the same thing in the vital matter of saving his soul?

HAVE YOU A QUESTION TO ASK?

Every belief and practice of the Church has behind it sound logic. It is only because things Catholic are misunderstood that they are criticized by the sincere non-Catholic. In the spirit of fair play, will you not give us a chance to state the Catholic viewpoint on any Catholic subject which to your mind is objectionable?

—Catholic Information Society of Narberth

Books for the Teens

Calvin T. Ryan

WITH all the advantages of the public library, the school library, the Bookmobile, and all other public efforts to furnish reading matter to every one, we cannot afford to go without books in our own home. And these we should possess, not merely own. With travel virtually eliminated from our lives, we must learn to spend more time at home, and be happy while we are doing it. The happiness of the whole family is concerned, and much of that happiness will be determined by the attitude of the parents. The children will fall in line.

A girl of twelve spent her Thanksgiving morning very happily going through her books. There they were, filling two book cases. The collection started with books she had received in babyhood. They were all hers. She enjoyed the ownership. They gave her a sense of belonging. They brought back happy memories, and those memories were tied up with home, and with Mother and Daddy.

A mother asked me recently what should her child read. First I had to know the girl's age. Then I had to know what books she had already read. Those trained in selecting books for children do not sing out a list of books when asked by a parent for advice. They are as cautious in giving book advice as is the physician in giving health advice. Children differ. They differ in so many ways among themselves with reference to reading maturity and general experience that it is dangerous to look on somebody's list and select a book for a given child. We have always been more careful with children's toys; at least we have exercised more judgment with toys than with children's books. A fifty-cent book for a ten year old boy



who lives in the country must be selected with more knowledge of the boy than his age and the fact that he is rural tell one.

Our family physician had two boys, one ten, the other eight. The older one was a lover of books, read widely and was a pride to his parents. The younger one showed no inclination to read. His mother was often chagrined. She thought he was just a little different. They came to me secretly for advice. The first thing I asked was whether the younger one showed any interest in anything else. "Oh, yes. He

is always tinkering with something." Is he interested in music? "Yes, indeed. He has been in the rhythm band at school since his kindergarten days."

There was nothing wrong with the boy who didn't read. He was just different from his older brother. What he needed was books of information, how to make things, and stories which had to do with airplanes, cowboys, and adventurers. He wasn't a nonreader. He just wasn't responsive to the same kind of imaginative literature that appealed to his older brother. Again it was a matter of selection on the basis of knowledge about the child.

Boys and girls of teen ages need reading matter which will help them understand themselves, to see themselves objectively, and to aid in explaining the modern world to them. At this age they begin to think something about occupations and their own vocations. They are in the adventure stage; therefore their imaginative literature is best selected from good adventure. Of course biography is a form of adventure, and because it is, makes good

reading. Lives of men like Lincoln, Edison, and women like Jane Addams and Helen Keller, fascinate both boys and girls. Lindbergh's adventures, like Byrd's, thrill youths of the teen ages.

For boys there is always a safe buy in the books selected by the Boy Scout committee. Girls enjoy school life and domestic stories. There are some excellent books about girl champions in sports, such as John R. Tunis's "Champion's Choice," which tie up sports and school life. "North To Nome," by Louise Anita Martin, combines travel, adventure, geography, and history and never deviates from a simple plot. Elsie Singmaster's "The Young Ravenels" is a hilarious story of and for adolescents. And for pioneer life, we can't beat Miss Brink's "Caddie Woodlawn" and Marian Hurd McNeely's "The Jumping Off Place." A more recent and little longer story is that Janet G. Sligh's "Little Country Schoolteacher."

I know one girl of twelve who has read Kate Seredy's "The Singing Tree" twice, and in a recent program at her school chose that as her favorite book and acted out the characters. It is the most wholesome book on the effect of war upon homes that I have ever read. Cornelia Meigs's "Railroad West" is another of those books founded solidly on historical facts which thrill readers of all ages. It tells the difficulties of building the Northern Pacific railroad, and includes the financial crash of the period.

Once there were not many more books for girls than those written by Louisa Mae Alcott and one or two other authors. There were any number for boys; not very many for girls. Now along about twelve or fourteen boys refuse to read girls' books. Strangely enough, girls will read boys' books. Maybe that accounts for the number of good books for boys. However, in recent years there have been a number of good books for girls. A dentist in our town was an omnivorous reader as a boy, and had about two hundred books of his own. He saved them for his own children, who happened to be three girls!

In the later teens boys and girls need books which will help them see themselves objectively. They need to have many of the mysteries of life cleared up. They may be hesitant to discuss their problems with their parents or with their pastor. They may not know really what does bother them. They

can't shape their feelings into words. They can get many of their answers from books. They can learn that perhaps after all they are not different from others of their own sex and age. They may be perturbed religiously, yet do not care to admit it for fear of what it will mean to their parents. Parents must be willing to have their children investigate and question. The child who questions and investigates is interested; in him there is a spark ready to be fanned into a flame.

Fortunately many of the stories appearing in our better magazines are about adolescents and their problems. They aren't always solved, these problems. Sometimes they may show the consequences of a faulty or illogical solution. They present life, and that is what the later teens demand.

For the high school girl who thinks her parents do not understand her, and that she knows all the answers, a reading of Margaret Thomsen Raymond's "A Bend In The Road" may make her think more deeply and act more cautiously. Also for the parent who fails to understand what modern high school girls want more than food and clothing, I can recommend this book, and another by the same author, "Linnett At The Threshold."

For the girl who thinks she is different, I can recommend Rachel Field's "Hepatica Hawks." For the one who needs to think about appreciation, loyalty, and devotion to those who have done things for her, I can think of no better book than Rachel Field's "Calico Bush."

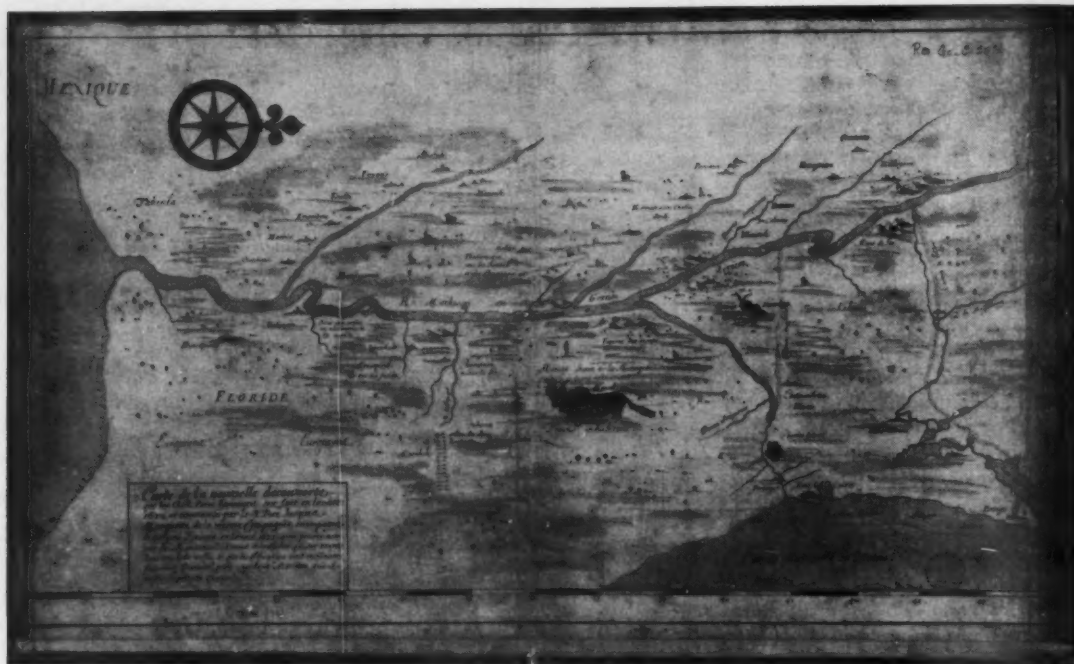
For love, patriotism, adventure, and a touch of war, Rosamond Van der Zee Marshall's "None But The Brave" is wholesome reading. It is a sixteenth century story of Holland under the heel of the Spanish conquerer. Kate Seredy's "The Singing Tree" is a wholesome, beautifully written story, mostly about the first World War, and from the point of view of the men and women of Hungary who made sacrifices. The appeal is for peace and good will among nations.

Yes, books "widen the world" for the child. Justice Jacob Panken of the New York City Juvenile Court would go further. He would say they help prevent delinquents. The adolescent needs to have his world explained to him. He needs to have himself explained to himself, and there is no better medium than books. Books help youth live.

List of Books for Boys and Girls in the Teens

Key to symbols: C—Catholic. B—primarily for boys. G—primarily for girls. V—vocational interest. Alphabetically arranged by first letter of main word in title.

1. *Against The Jungle* B,V
Thames Ross Williamson
Houghton Mifflin Co.
2. *A Queen's Command* C
Anna Kuhn
Bruce Publishing Co.
3. *A Bend In The Road* G
Margaret Thomsen Raymond
Longmans, Green & Co.
4. *Adventures of St. Paul* C,
Joan Windham
Sheed & Ward
5. *Boy Life On The Prairie* B
Hamlin Garland
(Various editions)
6. *(The) Boy's King Arthur* B
Sir Thomas Malory
(Various editions)
7. *(The) Covered Wagon*
Emerson Hough
(Various editions)
8. *Chum; Judith Anne* C
Eleanor S. Lockwood
Bruce Publishing Co.
9. *Youth*
Joseph Conrad
(Various Editions)
10. *(The) Call of the Wild*
Jack London
Macmillan Company
11. *Captains Courageous*
Rudyard Kipling
(Various editions)
12. *(The) Children's Shakespeare*
E. Nesbit
Random House
13. *Early American—Paul Revere*
Mildred Mastin Pace
Charles Scribner's Sons
14. *Felicity Way* G
Helen Girvan
Farrar & Rinehart
15. *Fairy Tales*
Hans Christian Andersen
(Various editions)
16. *(The) Graper Girls* G
Elizabeth Corbett
D. Appleton-Century
17. *Hepatica Hawks* G
Rachel L. Field
Macmillan Company
18. *He Heard America* Sing—
Stephen Foster
Claire Lee Purdy
Julian Messner, Inc.
19. *Heidi*
Johanna Spyri
Thomas Y. Crowell
20. *Hi, Gang* C
Daniel A. Lord, S.J.
(St. Anthony Messenger)
21. *(Adventures of) Huckleberry*
Finn B
Mark Twain
Harpers
22. *"I Have Just Begun To Fight"—*
John Paul Jones
Commander Edward Ellsberg
Dodd, Mead & Company
23. *(The) Jumping Off Place*
Marion Hurd McNeely
Longmans, Green & Co.
24. *Little Women* G
Louisa M. Alcott
Little, Brown & Co.
25. *Leatherstocking Tales*
James F. Cooper
(Various editions of each volume)
26. *(The) Legends of French Island* C
John J. Sullivan
Bruce Publishing Co.
27. *Mill Greek Mystery* G
Maristan Chapman
D. Appleton-Century
28. *My Antonia*
Willa Cather
Houghton Mifflin Company
29. *Peggy Covers The News* G, V
Emma Bugbee
Dodd, Mead & Co.
30. *Professor's House* V
Willa S. Cather
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
31. *Peter Pan In Kensington Garden*
James M. Barrie
Charles Scribner's Sons
32. *Penrod* B
Booth Tarkington
(Various editions)
33. *Rebecca Of Sunnysbrook Farm* G
Kate D. Wiggin
Houghton Mifflin Co.
34. *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse* G, V
Helen Dore Boylston
Little, Brown & Co.
35. *Shadow On The Rock* C
Willa Cather
Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.
36. *Silver Chief, Dog Of The North*
Jack O'Brien
John C. Winston Co.
37. *(The) Singing Tree*
Kate Seredy
Viking Press
38. *(The) Story of Buffalo Bill* B
Shannon Garst
Bobbs-Merrill Co.
39. *Stars Rising* G, V
Janet Ramsay
Thomas Nelson Sons
40. *(The) Story of My Life*
Helen Keller
The Baker & Taylor Co.
41. *Treasure Island*
Robert Louis Stevenson
(Various editions)
42. *(Adventures of) Tom Sawyer* B
Mark Twain
Harpers
43. *To Have And To Hold*
Mary Johnston
(Various editions)
44. *We* B
Charles Linbergh
Grosset-Dunlap
45. *(The) Wings of the Morning*
Louis Tracy
John C. Winston Co.
46. *With The Indians In The Rockies* B
James W. Schultz
Houghton Mifflin Co.
47. *With Harp And Lute* (Anthology of poetry) C
Blanche Jennings Thompson
Macmillan Company
48. *(The) World's Great Catholic Poetry* C
Thomas Walsh, compiler
Macmillan Company
49. *(The) Young Ravenals* G
Elsie Singmaster
Houghton Mifflin Co.
50. *(The) Young Trailers*
Joseph A. Altsheler
The Baker & Taylor Co.



A New Role for Columbus

William Timmermeyer and Robert Strange

IN HONOR of the most noted geographers from forty-six nations gathered for a World Congress at Paris, the only map of Christopher Columbus in existence was presented about two decades ago in the National Library. It was the most interesting among a selection of the rarest maps in the world from Ptolemy's time in the second century until the eighteenth century. They were displayed in the same vast room used by Cardinal Mazarin to hang the war campaign maps of France during the first World War.

Never before has such a collection been put to view at one time. These rarest of the rare, priceless, being in most cases maps of which only one specimen exists, were chosen for this special occasion from the immense National Library. Upon the walls, behind glass coverings, these maps told a tale of man's changing conception of the earth, and his ever widening conquest of the globe.

There upon a wall was the most fascinating map of all, proved without doubt to be the property of Columbus. Not only was it his property, but he himself created it, and kept it on his voyages of discoveries. This map gives us new information

about the obscure description of the life of Columbus.

It seems strange that this immensely important map had been left unnoticed since 1848. According to the meager records obtainable the map was purchased in 1848 along with some other ones. But nothing particular was thought of it, except that it was an authentic example. Then one day the Conservator of the Museum, examining it, found some fading footnotes. From the work thus initiated and from further independent research, we have a new sidelight on the life of one of the most discussed men in history.

What more thrilling form of detective work can be imagined than this one of trailing the footsteps of a man dead 436 years—tracing his life and actions by faint markings on ancient maps and books!

Controversies have encircled the story of Columbus's life, especially during later years. Everything concerning him has been discussed with heat: the place of his birth, his character, his business, the value of his discoveries. The ownership of his birthplace has been claimed by Genoa, Cogoletto, Calvi, Pontevedra, and Tarragone. The chief question, though, was what position he had before he

became an explorer. Now we have the answer. What could be a more natural verification than that Columbus was a mapmaker, a mapmaker who believed the earth was round.

Due to his failure in a gold finding mission Columbus became a partner with his brother at Lisbon in 1481, who was a noted mapmaker.

The Portuguese were at that time the world's best mapmakers. Accuracy, beauty, and perfection dominated their work. The Majorca Jewish School is the best example; specimens of their work we admire today. This school supplied Columbus and his brother their education for making maps. Researchers tell us Christopher was very adept at map drawing, and that his maps were greatly in demand. Columbus once stated, "My maps show the different views of our sphere with cities, rivers, islands, and so forth, each in its rightful place."

A scribe aided the brothers in their work by decorating and illustrating the maps. None of Columbus's handwriting, therefore, is to be found on any of his maps. The one in the Museum, when examined, was found to contain a number of footnotes from a very old book called "Ymago Mundi" written in 1410 by Pierre d'Ailly, an authority on cosmography. Fragments of this important clue were picked up independently by Mr. Edmond Buron, Archivist of the Canadian Government.

The map revealed entire phrases from the book "Ymago Mundi." Among which phrases the following are the most interesting; "Although the picture of the world is represented as a flat surface one must believe it as having the shape of a sphere." Columbus noted these words in the original volume of "Ymago Mundi." Investigators compared the handwriting in the "Ymago Mundi" to that of the maps. No similarity was found, however, because the handwriting on the map was done by a scribe. Because of the number of notes made by Columbus there is a very strong possibility that he carried this cherished map with him on his voyages.

The map is beautifully illustrated and drawn on parchment. Because the map shows the Cape of Good Hope, discovered in 1488, but gives no sign of Antilles, found in October 1492, the maps can be fairly dated 1490-91.

Although this outstanding map of Columbus was indeed the highlight of this great exhibition, the entire history of mapmaking was put into view.

It is known that the Greeks, before Ptolemy's time, two centuries after Christ, had already drawn maps, for ancient books tell of Hecateus in 500 B.C., and one by Erasthotes of Cyrene, Alexander's librarian in 276-196 B.C. Incidentally Erasthotes believed the earth was spherical. An

error made by Posidonius which exaggerated the longer axis of the Mediterranean, and consequently greatly distorted all the Mediterranean countries, was perpetuated in cartography until as late as the eighteenth century.

It is astonishing that after Ptolemy's time a period of 1200 years existed almost sterile of map production.

It was a custom during the eighteenth century for mapmakers to present the king with each new map of his country. If the country would be at war the mapmaker would include the enemy nation on the map. Naturally, inaccuracy was predominant in these maps, and they do not represent the true borders at a given epoch.

There is a remarkable tale of a prisoner's map drawn while its author was in Bastille, India. This map of India was made by Mahe de la Bourdonnais. Having no pen, he sharpened a bronze coin to a fine point. He used soot from the chimney for his outline while coffee grounds were his medium with which he colored it.

Several of the first maps of Canada were exhibited. One showed the complicated process of raising a warship sunk in the Bay of Quebec. The different phases of this, and the fortress in the background, were quaintly drawn. Of great ethnographical importance is J. B. Tranquelin's map with the names of the various Indian tribes.

Claiming much attention, particularly of North Americans, was an old map drawn by that noble pioneer, Pere Marquette. This undaunted missionary, after much hazardous journeying, made a map of Louisiana in 1673. In keeping with the custom of the time the map contains, in addition to the outlines of the land, profuse details as to inhabitants, animals and plants. Various tribes of Indians in war paint and feathers Pere Marquette accurately outlined. A bison occupies the center of the map. But, the mystery is the camel in the timberland section of the map.

The Chinese maps of great artistic value were on long bands of silk. Some German maps were drawn on wood, and some showed pilgrim's roads to Rome.

Maps as a form of indoor decoration became a fad in early North American days. Old maps became so much in demand about twenty years ago, chiefly as an aid to history, that all the antiquaries of Europe could not meet the demand. Regular factories for reproducing old maps came into being. Many false maps were drawn by amateur mapmakers, and, even though these were artistic, they were found to contain many violations of the rules of cosmography.

TEST YOURSELF!

Answers

(See page 307)

Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

1. A Catholic pastor will usually tell all mothers who carry babes in their arms *never* to miss Mass on account of their babes. If there is no special room built in the church for infants, mothers can be told to step into the school room or into the priest's house with their little ones during the sermon and to return to church immediately when the priest has finished speaking to the people.

While in parish work I do not recall ever being annoyed by the voices of infants. In fact I shall always remember the little one who once attempted to accompany me as I chanted the Preface of the Mass. Her "da-da-da" was her own version of "*gratias agamus*" but it was as much a part of the liturgy as the sometimes thoughtless "*Amen*" of the choir. This thought was beautifully expressed by a nun recently as she listened to a quartet of crying infants, awaiting their turns as catechumens before the baptismal font:

"While writing this I can hear four little new members of the Catholic Church singing their first hymn of praise, their baptismal hymn. They are singing in a language all their own; I suppose they brought it from heaven, but they will have to brush up on the tune—it is not so good."

2. To relegate the crucifix or holy pictures to the kitchen or the bedroom simply because it is no longer "up-to-date" smacks of a terrible blasphemy. It would be a major disaster if we were to give up our Catholic home-life simply because it is out of fashion.

3. Woe to the child and to the nuns that must teach it, if the child's mother allowed social and business engagements to interfere with her duties as mother in pointing to crucifixes and holy pictures hanging on the walls of the home; if the mother never took the child's little hand and taught it to make the sign of the cross, how to say the *Our Father* and the *Hail Mary*. If the mother of a child never spoke of the birth of Christ in this world, of God, of the Redeemer's Holy Mother, then this mother entered the marriage state without due consideration and instruction. What will such a mother answer when at her judgment she is asked, "Give an account of thy stewardship,"—the care of her children in matters spiritual?

4. It is not impossible for one who is "good and tired" to speak to the Lord. Such a tired man is the very one who can do it best. Let him be seated in his rocking chair. Let him use the words of his own making. Let him say: "Lord, I am very tired. I

recall you were tired, too, when you were seated at Jacob's well. You love it so when we poor people use our own language, our own words. Let me ask You, Lord, what do You think of me? What did You think of my youth? What will You think of my old age? What do You think of my children? Am I conducting everything in my family in charity? Lord, let me say a few words to You every evening while I rest myself in my rocking chair. You love friends, and I love to speak to You a little, while I am so tired because You were not only tired, but You went to Your death on the cross for me. Lord, be my friend, and give grace to me to know just what You desire of me. Tell me what You think of me.

5. Josephus Flavius was a Jew by birth, but became a Roman citizen. He is chiefly known to us on account of his relation to Titus Flavius, the son of Caesar Vespasian. Titus Flavius was the Roman general who "left not a stone upon a stone" when he besieged Jerusalem. He asked Josephus to tell the high priest and the pharisees to surrender the city in a peaceable manner. Josephus tells us that his mother was still living in Jerusalem and that he carefully addressed the Jewish leaders that stood on the walls of the city and that he received stones instead of a civil reply. The writings of Josephus can be found in any large library translated into the English language. Josephus was not a Christian.

6. Mary Magdalen was the black sheep of the wealthy family of Lazarus and Martha. She owned a villa called Magdala, and here she "hung out" with the pagan Greeks and the licentious Herodians. The Greeks used the territory across the sea from Magdala as a summer resort. Here the Greeks raised hogs and perverted the Jews, who were forbidden by God to eat pork. It was here, as the Gospel tells us, that the demons asked the Lord to cast them into swine rather than send them into hell to associate with Lucifer. The demons threw the swine headlong into the sea. If you desire to know more of Mary Magdalen after her conversion, think of her as she washed the feet of Our Lord at the banquet in the house of Simon the Pharisee. "Simon," the Lord said, "do you see this woman...? Much is forgiven her because she hath loved much." Think of Mary Magdalen as she threw herself beneath the cross on Calvary, and as the Lord appeared to her on the day of His resurrection, when He called her by name "Mary," and sent her to "Go, tell My disciples..."



The Jester's Prayer

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondrois was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. When a band of travelling troubadours stopped to beg bread at the convent gate, Raimonde, disguised as a baker's boy, joined them. She failed to recognize Favaric, her father's jester, in the group. Unknown to Raimonde the troubadours were on the way to her father's castle of Valmondrois. The subsequent events revealed that Raimonde was a maiden in disguise. Slowly she recovered her strength, and with it her memory began to revive. Yet for the present she dared reveal nothing of her past to Hugh. Hugh's jealousy and infatuation struggled within him, and Raimonde fled again from Anresson to Des Fleurs.

CHAPTER XI CLOISTER OF PEACE



SHALL demand an explanation of your words to me in the morning, Sir Hugh," he said calmly. "As for this lad, Raimonde, against whom you have made such rash accusations, I know nothing of him except that he did very bravely risk his life to save yours."

The knight turned and strode into the blackness of the castle corridor.

Raimonde stood facing Hugh. The flickering light of the small taper played over her set countenance.

"Favaric and I leave at dawn. I am returning to the cloister at Des Fleurs, where I intend to take the veil. Thou art free to retain the lands of Anresson for I am the last of that house, and I shall no longer need them. The wrong thou hast done to me I freely forgive. The wrong thou hast done to a troubadour of France, the troubadours shall avenge. And some day thou wilt have cause to regret the wrongs thou hast done to humanity by war and conquest."

The following morning before daybreak, Favaric and Raimonde were up and making preparations for their departure from Valmondrois. Many of the servants and squires, and even a few of the damoiselles, who had heard whisperings of the

troubadours' hasty departure, were up to bid them God-speed.

The travellers were well laden with provisions and had furs and robes to assure them of warmth on their journey. With them they were taking the little donkey belonging to the Wise One. Favaric knew a short road through the forest from the Cloister to the Hut. And he planned to take it after leaving Raimonde safe in the convent.

It was not unusual for troubadours to leave a castle unexpectedly, so there were no remarks on their sudden departure. But while Favaric and some of the men were packing the donkey, Raimonde overheard two squires talking.

"'Tis strange," one said softly, but with conviction, "that one whose life this brave lad saved, would not so much as show him the common decency of wishing him a happy journey. He could at least . . ."

The second squire interrupted.

"Yea, a purse might not have been amiss. These troubadours have little enough to exist upon when travelling. But then, there is little real gratitude in his self-centered, egotistical nature."

This remark hurt Raimonde strangely. But what annoyed her more was that she found herself actually wanting to rise to Hugh's defense.

"What manner of person am I?" said the girl troubadour to herself, "wanting to defend him now when I condemned him before."

She turned away that she might not hear more. But an irresistible urge swept over her to talk to them about Hugh. She stopped to listen further. The men were so engrossed in what they were saying that neither of them noticed the troubadour whom they were discussing.

"Hugh of Valmondrois is the greatest warrior France hath produced in many a year. Some say he doth dream of conquering Italy, Germany, and the entire world."

The other squire laughed.

"Ever so often some self-appointed conqueror arises with that desire, and then almost as if the air had wings with which to carry words to the far corners of the earth, this thought is echoed from man to man, and from country to country: 'One man is on his way to rule the world.' Put no credence in such talk, friend. 'Tis always men themselves, who, with idle chatter put undue importance on such gossip, and give power to such a one. Ever is man so gullible. But you will find that such characters as our leader have soft and vulnerable spots, if only one can find them."

Raimonde moved closer. She wanted to hear more of this. She remembered how gently Hugh had talked to Yvonne. She remembered how poetic and romantic he had seemed when they walked in the moonlight, even though paying no heed to the boy troubadour, as he then thought her to be. She remembered his sense, his love of beauty. Could this man be such a brute? ... The discussion went on.

"Tell me not that there is one kind thought or one human feeling in his domineering nature," said the other. "He believes in might, in hate, in revenge. It is indeed strange that men follow such creatures, and offer them adulation and devotion and service, even as you and I. Verily, he doth send away this young troubadour, even because he owes his life to him. It irks the mighty Hugh to be beholden to anyone, or to show gratitude."

Raimonde slipped into the shadows. She wanted to cry out and tell them that Hugh was no such brute. She wanted to tell them that he had shown her gratitude. She almost cried out that her leaving was a terrible mistake. Had not Favaric called her at that moment she might have spoken, so great was her desire to defend this man, whom she felt she hated one moment, and loved the next.

Favaric's call was to tell her that all was ready. The little company in the courtyard gathered round to say farewell. There were neither shouts nor

trumpets. The troubadours mounted their horses. Favaric gathered up the lead rope for the little donkey. They waved another farewell and were off.

Raimonde was conscious of the hollow clatter of the horses' hoofs on the draw-bridge, and then of their dull thuds on the turf. Every beat seemed to trample on her heart.

As they reached the edge of the clearing, before riding into the forest, she turned to take a last look at Valmondrois. The rising sun was just tipping the tops of the towers in gold. She looked toward her own window. There was a lone watcher looking down at her. As she turned and put spurs to her horse, she knew that the lone watcher was Hugh of Valmondrois.

So once again Favaric and Raimonde were enroute to the convent. This time, however, their journey was not an escape, nor did they suffer hardships. It was in September and the days were often hot and the nights balmy.

Now almost sixteen years of age, Raimonde's thoughts as she rode along, were no more those of a child. She thought much about Hugh, his constant aggressions on innocent people, his nature so absorbed in things militant and cruel. In contrast, she pictured the Friar Francis, of whom the nuns had told her much. She remembered the Wise One explaining that he had once been rich, frivolous and selfish, yet today he had the courage to appeal to the Sultan, and his brother Al Kamil, the great warrior, for peace, and strangely enough no harm had come to this little man of Assisi. Why then could Hugh not mend his ways, and be as brave in asking for peace, as heretofore he had been in promoting warfare? Others had changed. Why not this mighty Hugh of Valmondrois? Then Raimonde argued with herself, if one wished to change a person so completely and practically remake his character, why love him?

On the third day of their journey the girl troubadour could not keep silent any longer, so she told Favaric the story of Arlette, Dieudonne, their trip to the village to get the ring made by Bertrand and the subsequent events. Favaric listened attentively and waited sometime after Raimonde stopped talking; then he pulled up his horse, dismounted and stood looking at Raimonde.

"Were it not that we are well on our way to the Cloister, where I do think that thou hast need to go to explain thy sudden departure to the good sisters, I would most certainly make thee turn back, for Hugh of Valmondrois had good reason to show such jealousy. After all, Raimonde, unless thou art sure that this decision to enter a nunnery

is a direct call from God, I most certainly would advise thee to remain in the world and marry Hugh, who can return to thee thy Kingdom and thy lands, and whom I also believe doth love thee devotedly."

But Raimonde would not listen to the Jester when he gave voice to the very things that were churning in her mind and heart.

"How canst thou entertain these thoughts, Favaric? That I should marry a warrior of whom they speak as a dictator, a brute, a man who doth rule by might, revenge and hate. Thou, who dost espouse the great cause of peace! Thou didst not hear him speak to me that night at the chapel door. Never mention his name to me again. Sometimes I hate him."

Favaric shook his head and said softly, "There is but a hair's breath 'twixt love and hate.' This applies to individuals and to peoples. With less than a breath, the one emotion oft turns to the other."

But Raimonde answered not; her mind was in such a turmoil, that not even Favaric's quiet idealism brought comfort.

Outwardly, their journey to Des Fleurs was uneventful. Favaric made Raimonde believe that he was growing old and was not able to travel so far nor so fast as in times past. In reality his long powerful arms and strong body had lost none of their agility. He feared lest the girl troubadour might not be able to withstand the trip so soon after the severe wound she had suffered.

Travelling steadily, though slowly, they made the journey in good time and with great comfort.

Such sincere joy and appreciation of a prodigal's return had rarely been seen. The nuns did not hesitate to tell Raimonde of the fear and unhappiness her running away had caused them. But once told, they did not dwell on it. Raimonde knelt repentantly before them and willingly they granted their forgiveness. Then the Abbess pronounced the remainder of the day a holiday in the cloister. There was both feasting and fasting for the troubadour's return. Most of the sisters welcomed the extra food, but Sister Angele was so overjoyed at her protégé's safety and at her determination to become a nun, that the good sister offered a fast of three days in gratitude.

Before sundown, all the nuns gathered in a circle, back of the chapel in one of their loveliest gardens. Here Raimonde and Favaric sang for them. Raimonde's voice seemed more beautiful than ever. The nuns asked her to sing all the hymns and little songs they had taught her. This she did willingly and well.

When the troubadours had finished singing, many

of the sisters left, but a few of them gathered around Favaric. To them he recounted much of Raimonde's history, of which they knew nothing. He told them of their escape from the castle, of Raimonde's fall which had caused the loss of memory; he told them of meeting her again in the plague-ridden town, and of their journeying as troubadours, of the girl's popularity at the castle and finally of her brave act in saving Hugh's life.

Raimonde had cautioned the Jester many times never to mention the incident of the ring, nor their reason for leaving the castle at Valmondroids. But Sister Angele, who had a rare understanding of Raimonde's nature, asked her when they were alone:

"Am I wrong, child, or do I sense something more than a deep gratitude to thee on the side of the warrior Hugh of Valmondroids? Does he love thee perhaps?"

"Love? He is not capable of real love," Raimonde replied. Then thinking of the many things which infuriated her about Hugh, she added, "there are times I almost hate him, for his constant wars of aggression. How can people who claim to be followers of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother sponsor and bless these warriors, who keep fear, bloodshed, hate and persecution stirred up in the hearts of man? Can you answer me, Sister?"

Sister Angele loved Raimonde the more when she showed such ardor. Joyously she answered, "Thou art so militant in thy desire for peace, I feared for one minute, thou wert going to strike me."

"Sister dear, I am determined to dedicate my life to God and Peace. First, with the permission of the Rev. Mother, I shall enter the Order Des Fleurs, then later, when I am older and have spoken with the Holy Father, I hope to obtain his permission to found a new Order. My nuns shall be known as 'The Little Sisters of Song,' for in this cloister of Peace, the nuns will chant from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, as in some orders they now pray. Their chant will be for Eternal Peace. It shall echo around the world, as did the song first sung by the angels and shepherds on that Eve of Noel in Bethlehem, 'Peace on Earth, to men of good will.' I cannot but believe that such a cloister would in time have its effect upon a warring world."

That night after the nuns had finished chanting their office, Sister Angele asked permission of the Abbess to let Raimonde speak to the sisters before the silence bell rang. She repeated to them her ambitions about the Cloister of Peace. The nuns were so impressed with Raimonde's earnest plea that they talked among themselves long after their retiring hour had passed.

In spite of this, the Abbess and Sister Angele were in no hurry for Raimonde to take the veil. They considered sixteen a very early age to decide this important step. But although neither Sister Angele, nor the Abbess discussed the question with one another, or with Favaric, yet both these holy women felt that Raimonde's vocation had yet to be tested. So when Favaric said he must soon leave the hospitality of Des Fleurs and proceed to the Hut of the Wise One, the good nuns urged that he take Raimonde with him. The Abbess spoke kindly but firmly:

"The Wise One, as the troubadours call her, is Raimonde's only living kin; therefore she must consult her about her desire to become a nun. We do not and never did approve of her disguise in boy's clothing, but we do realize she must continue in these habilaments, whilst travelling with the troubadours. We trust thee, Favaric, to bring her back to us, if such is her decision."

"But I do not want to leave thee, Reverend Mother and Sister Angele," Raimonde spoke softly, thinking of the Wise One, whom she secretly longed to see again, yet fearing once more to hurt these women who had proved themselves her true and sincere friends.

"Thou canst always return to us, dear child," the Abbess answered, pleased that Raimonde now wished to remain with them. "But we are never in a hurry to accept candidates for the religious life, for it is a step which needs much contemplation. But thou art always welcome at Des Fleurs, Raimonde. Did we not give thee a home when we knew naught of thy parentage?"

Raimonde smiled and dropped her head, remembering well how ungratefully she had repaid their kindness and devotion to her.

Because of this decision two days later the Jester and Raimonde started for the Hut of the Wise One. The day of their departure, Sister Angele did not come to the convent gate to wish the travellers God speed. Sister Berthe drew Raimonde aside and explained to her that Sister Angele wished to send something to the Wise One. In the troubadour's hand the sister placed the picture of Francis of Assisi, which the nun had painted especially for the child Raimonde when she first came to Des Fleurs.

As Raimonde looked at the picture she had a strange feeling about Sister Angele. She wanted to go to her and to talk with her about Hugh. All the weeks she had been at the convent, she had avoided this; now just as she was leaving, the urge was so strong to confide in Sister Angele, her favorite of the nuns.

Sister Berthe sensed that Raimonde was apprehensive about her friend, so she said quickly:

"Thy true friend Sister Angele, is a living Saint, and doth too often fast and pray, more than her frail body can withstand. But worry not about her, child; when thou dost return, thou canst talk all these matters over with her."

But her words did not comfort Raimonde, and it was with a very heavy heart that the girl rode through the gates of the cloister. For a long time she kept looking back at the convent gates and walls and wondering why she had left so much unsaid.

At this same gate, two days later, a retinue of courtly riders drew up. A knight dismounted and knocked. Sister Berthe came running to answer the imperious summons. She heard the heavy voice of Hugh of Valmondroids.

"Open, Sister, I demand entrance. I come for the troubadour Raimonde, who is within."

But Sister Berthe did not open the gate. She spoke through the grating, in a soft, unhappy voice.

"There is sorrow in this House of God, today, Sir. I am bidden to allow no one to enter. In the name of God and His Mother, I bid thee go thy way in peace."

"Pray tell thy Mother Abbess that Hugh of Valmondroids awaits without. Go, good Sister. I am not accustomed to wait at convent gates."

"Sister Berthe left, but she did not unbolt the gate. Several minutes elapsed before the tall, stately Abbess arrived, accompanied by two lay Sisters. Through the grating one of the Sisters addressed Hugh.

"Our Mother Abbess requests that you enter alone, Sir. She will receive you here at the gate."

And so, without escort and on foot, Hugh came through the gates of the cloister, while his squires and soldiers remained outside the massive gates. Hugh faced the Abbess in the courtyard. He waited for the nun to speak, which she did presently, with great dignity.

"What is your pleasure, noble Sire?"

"Reverend Mother, I seek the troubadour, Raimonde. I come to ask her hand in marriage. From the troubadour, Favaric, I have learned that she hath no other home but this cloister. Therefore doth it seem that thou canst grant this favor to me."

"Her homelessness is due to they ruthlessness," the Mother Abbess was about to answer. But Hugh gave her no chance to answer.

(To be continued)

PREACHER EXTRAORDINARY*

Marion Kinsdale

THE ABBEY was astir preparing for the forthcoming feast. Hither and yon went the brethren busy about church and sacristy. The poor burdened sacristan needed all the help he could get on such an occasion. The Master of Ceremonies had already arrived with his acolytes for practice. From the music department could be heard the cantors rehearsing for the morrow's Mass.

The guests' quarters were put in readiness for visitors who might come for the celebration. One room in particular was set aside for the preacher, who was to arrive that evening. Shortly before the expected time the guest-preacher did come. He was Fra Raymond, of the Order of Preachers, famed over the continent as one of the greatest preachers of the day. His Lordship, the Abbot Benedict, had invited him to the Isle to grace the occasion of the celebration of the Patronal feast of St. Benedict, the Founder of Western Monasticism.

After a goodly supper, the Abbot entertained his guest; then he retired early to leave the preacher, to himself to prepare his sermon. Later on in the evening, as was customary in monasteries in those days, the Brother in charge of the guest quarters brought to the visitor a lunch, which included a bottle of wine. Shortly after the good Brother returned to his cell, he was summoned back by the bell. When he entered, he was asked by Fra Raymond for another bottle of wine. The Brother readily consented, knowing that on occasion a second bottle of wine was given to a guest, especially to one of honor and good reputation. But when, after another short space of time, a request was made for a third bottle, the good Brother began to have qualms of conscience. He went back to his cell and was visibly distraught over the dilemma, to accede or not to accede to this dangerous request. He paced back and forth in his cell, unable to make a decision. Suddenly he bolted up to the Abbot's room. He would put the matter before him, he would shunt the responsibility over to his broad shoulders.

"Fra Raymond asking for a third bottle of wine," mused the Abbot. "Is the Friar weakening? Brother, I trust Fra Raymond. Take him another bottle of wine."

The morning came, but no one saw Fra Raymond. Some time before the ceremonies started, the anxious Master of Ceremonies went to his room to investigate and make sure that the preacher would be on hand at the proper time. Apparently Fra

Raymond had to be awakened and when informed that the Mass would start shortly, grunted his acknowledgment.

The pealing of the tower bells soon announced the beginning of the ceremonies. The Brethren could be seen going here and there, some to the church, others to join the choir, still others to form the procession that preceded the Mass, each to his proper place. The great organ now sent forth the ponderous chords of the Processional that reverberated throughout the vaulted structure and beyond. For the moment Fra Raymond was forgotten. The Abbot, surrounded by the ministers and servers of the Mass, reached the altar. *Introibo*, Mass had started. The Abbot suddenly remembered Fra Raymond and the third bottle of wine. Calling the Master of Ceremonies to his side, he whispered, "Where is the preacher?"

"I aroused him before Mass and reminded him that we would begin shortly."

As the Gospel was being sung Fra Raymond appeared on the scene. He accompanied the Master of Ceremonies, with faltering steps, to the pulpit, and struggled into it. Silence reigned; all eyes were on the preacher but none more eagerly than those of Abbot Benedict.

"To hell with the Benedictines," shouted the preacher. The Abbot went white. "To hell with the Benedictines," shouted the preacher in a higher tone. "To hell with the Benedictines," rent the air a third time in a still higher tone. Abbot Benedict nearly fell off his throne. "That is what their enemies say about them, but I say they have been the bulwark of the Church down the colonnade of the centuries. Their enemies curse them, but I bless them. Holy Mother the Church blesses them, being mindful of their achievements in her service. When Christian culture in the sixth century was threatened by barbarians sweeping all before them in their ascendancy, the monks by their prayers and works were the instruments of God to save the tottering empire from ruin..." On and on continued the preacher, waxing more eloquent as he developed his theme. His sermon was declared to be the best ever preached in the venerable church.

At the festive dinner the cellarer of the monastery approached the Abbot's table, at which Fra Raymond sat, and said, "Father Abbot, these three bottles of wine, untouched last night by our guest, deserve to be opened now."

*Adapted from a well known clerical story.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Retreat

THE SUMMER'S activity at the Abbey was climaxed by a successful Laymen's Retreat during the last week-end of August. This year's attendance showed a 100% increase over the group of 1941. From Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, and New York 187 laymen journeyed to the Abbey for their annual Retreat. The Retreat exercises, under the direction of Father Bernardine of our Abbey, opened with Holy Mass on Friday morning, August 29, and closed at noon the following Sunday. Besides the ordinary Retreat program of conferences, rosary, Way of the Cross in the Retreat Chapel of the Minor Seminary the Retreatants shared in the liturgical life of the Abbey. Each morning they attended the Conventual High Mass in the Abbey Church. Again in the evening they returned to the Abbey Church to participate in the chanting of Compline. The spiritual exercises closed on Sunday morning with a solemn renewal of Baptismal Vows and Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament. At noon the Retreatants attended the closing banquet that was followed by a meeting of the St. Meinrad's Retreat Guild, the organization of the Retreatants of our Abbey. Besides the routine business of the meeting new officers were elected. Mr. Paul Tafel, Louisville, Kentucky, returns to office as President of the Guild. Mr. Harry Wisel, Indianapolis, Indiana, was selected as Vice President, and Mr. Albert Rumbach, Jasper, Indiana, will continue as Secretary of the Retreatants' Guild. The officers of the Guild selected Mr. George A. Smith, Indianapolis, Indiana, as Executive Secretary to conduct the campaign to enroll new Retreatants. A strict Retreat silence is the constant tradition for the past ten Retreats. Except for two periods of recreation daily after dinner and after supper the three days are spent in silence and retirement. During the meals there is spiritual reading in the refectory. The desires of the

late Pius XI expressed in his encyclical on Retreats are enthusiastically realized by our laymen during their Retreat at the Abbey.

Cemetery Improvement

WITH its large family steadily increasing our Abbey has outgrown many of its former community living quarters. Though no new buildings have been erected for the use of the Abbey in recent years yet every available room is being used in the monastery itself and sections in both the Major and Minor Seminary have been taken over for the Fathers and Brothers. At last even the Abbey cemetery became too small. When we laid Father Richard to rest this summer the last available grave in the Fathers' section of the cemetery was taken. Work is now in progress to enlarge the cemetery. The wooden fence is being replaced by an artistic wall of sandstone from our own quarry. A new section of ground was taken from the students' campus thus extending the cemetery towards Lake Placid. The front section of the cemetery is also enlarged to permit a number of graves to be placed in front of the last row of Fathers' graves in the present arrangement. For many years each grave had a simple iron cross bearing the name of the deceased monk. To harmonize with the new stone wall the crosses are being replaced with sandstone markers for each grave. When the project of enlarging and landscaping the cemetery, replacing the wooden fence and iron crosses is complete the new Abbey Cemetery will be a beauty spot on our grounds. The eternal rest that we daily pray is the eternal reward for our departed brothers will be reflected in their peaceful final resting place among us.

Opening of School

SEPTEMBER 8 brought another school year into full swing. All day a steady flow of cars brought the students and seminarians back to the Alma Mater. The war time check on transportation was noticed

in the absence of the familiar bus horn that always suggests the arrival and departure of our students. Before retiring time that evening the entire student body of Major and Minor Seminary had registered for the new school year.

Wednesday morning, September 9, the faculty and students assembled for the first time this new school year in the Abbey Church. With a Solemn Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit the professors and students dedicated their scholastic program to Him Who for nineteen hundred years has been the light and power of Holy Church. The rest of that opening day was spent in unpacking, meeting new acquaintances, buying books and supplies and learning the new regulations for the coming year.

In the evening the entire group again assembled in the Abbey Church. Father Abbot addressed the faculty and students and set a high standard as the goal for this year's work. He expressed the hope that the war crisis of the present World War would give a serious, determined, and persevering character to the work of moulding the future leaders who are now in our class rooms. The Fathers made their public profession of the Catholic Faith and the oath against the dangerous principles of modern errors. Pontifical Benediction with the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the activities of beginning the scholastic year 1942-43. At 8:45 the next morning the old faithful class bell shattered the final traces of vacation lull; books in hand the professors and students entered the class rooms and another year's work began.

Enrollment Increases

THE MAJOR Seminary has an enrollment of 160 in Philosophy and Theology. This enrollment includes a new group of students added to our theology department. Nineteen Brothers of Mary under the direction of their chaplain, Father Resch, are to complete their theology course at our Seminary. The Oratorian Fraters from Rock Hill, South

Carolina, also have a large number of men in the theology classes.

There are 210 students enrolled in our Minor Seminary. These students are divided into the six classes that form the four years' high school and two years' preparatory college. Besides, a number of special Latin courses are offered for the new students who have not completed the requirements of our seminary Latin course.

The new school year brought a number of changes in the Faculty. Father Gabriel exchanged his duties as Vice Rector of the Major Seminary and Philosophy professor for the pastoral duties of St. Meinrad's parish. Father Gerald succeeds Father Gabriel in both Seminary offices.

Father Martin was forced to give up his duties as Spiritual Director of the Major Seminary because of his health. He fulfilled very faithfully for the last six years the duties of that office. Father Bernardine who served as assistant to Father Martin now assumes the task of guiding the Seminarians in their spiritual life.

The students of Greek and Latin in the Minor Seminary will miss Father Gilbert in the professor's chair this year. Their former teacher of the classical languages is now Pastor of St. Benedict's Church in Evansville, Indiana.

Father Rudolph's directing hand will be absent from the Chant classes, the choir, and the orchestra for some months this year. Two serious

operations in the early summer almost claimed his life. He is now able to leave the hospital, but will be unable to resume his duties in the Abbey and on the teaching faculty of the Seminary. He will recuperate at his mother's home in Brookville, Indiana, until he is able to return to the Abbey.

Fathers Matthew, Peter, Michael, and Herman are new members of the Minor Seminary faculty that now includes twenty-three Fathers.

The summer appointments brought a complete change at St. Placid Hall, our Oblate School. Father Matthew is the new director and he will be assisted in the work of training future Brothers by Father Marcellus. Eleven Oblates entered the first class this year increasing the total enrollment to twenty-two.



"Grail" Retreat in New York

FATHER ABBOT announces that our Abbey through its Grail Office in New York City will conduct its annual Retreat in that city. The Grail Office fosters among our friends in New York an interest in the Abbey's work of educating young men for the holy Priesthood. This bond between the Benedictines of St. Meinrad and their loyal benefactors in distant New York is strengthened each year by a Retreat under the direction of a Father from our Abbey. Our New York Retreatants who have shown such interest in our students

will certainly welcome this year's Retreat Master. Father Stephen Thuis, O.S.B., the Retreat Master, is Rector of the Minor Seminary at St. Meinrad. His close association with the students for the Holy Priesthood (he has taught and directed young seminarians for more than twenty years) and his experience in conducting Retreats will make our Retreatants happy with Father Abbot's choice. The cloistral quiet in the Convent of Mary Reparatrix located in New York will insure the Retreat silence and

solitude amid the bustle and noise of great New York's daily life. November 6 to 8 are the Retreat dates and the Retreat will continue from Friday evening until Sunday evening. Prospective Retreatants in the New York district can get complete information through the Grail Office in New York. All inquiries should be addressed to Marie H. Doyle, The Grail Office, 341 Madison Avenue, New York City. If Father Abbot's Retreat of last year is a guide, then Father Stephen can expect a large group of Retreatants.

MARY O'CONNEL—CATERER

Frances Denham

HILARY O'CONNELL carefully powdered her very nice little nose. In a few moments she would be off that flash of train that had eaten up many miles of prairie that lolled effortlessly but dustily between the college town, where Hilary had gone to school all year, and Hennessey, her home.

Hilary was excited—it would be so good to see Aunt Mary; she'd never been away from her for so long a stretch. Precious little Aunt Mary, and Hilary felt her face grow a little warm. Mary O'Connell was sixty and for one third of that span her life had been devoted to fathering and mothering a wee bit of a Hilary, the orphan niece she had so lovingly taken.

Aunt Mary ran a restaurant in Hennessey. It was named the COZYDINE. Here amid gay crepe paper decorations, an artificial palm tree or two, snowy table-clothed tables and lovely food smells Aunt Mary earned not only her living and Hilary's, but the money that had sent Hilary to college. Aunt Mary's cafe was a success, and that success was a mixture of prayers, faith, hard work and inexhaustible energy.

Aunt Mary had planned, ever since Hilary could toddle, upon sending her to college. Hilary had gone—it had been grand—Hilary was taking home grades that would make Aunt Mary proud. At college Hilary had met nice people, and of all of them she liked Marcia Abercrombie best. Marcia was an orphan too—the only grandchild of Mrs. Mehitabel Abercrombie, who was a sort of private National Bank. Marcia had dollars where Hilary had pennies, but they were friends. Everything would have been open and above-board, or at least Hilary would never have misrepresented anything to Marcia had Hilary not spent the Christmas holidays with her. She met Marcia's grandmother. Hilary was impressed—Mrs. Abercrombie wore chic hats, expensive furs and the glance behind the lorgnette seemed to bore in deeper than the skin. When Mrs. Abercrombie asked Hilary what her Aunt Mary did, Hilary had said, "She's a caterer." Somehow in the presence of Mrs. Abercrombie Hilary could not say—"Aunt Mary runs a restaurant named the COZYDINE." Now analyzed Aunt Mary was a caterer, of a sort; she catered to poor tramps who came by, to poor people who might not have quite enough to eat, to men who ran short before pay-day and had to charge it; and she also catered to sparrows and robins. Every morning on the sidewalk in front of the COZYDINE Aunt Mary

put bread and cracker crumbs and fresh water in an old tomato can for the birds. Hilary did not go on to explain all of that to Mrs. Abercrombie—that's why Hilary's face grew a little warm now when she thought of Aunt Mary.

The train pulled in and stopped. Hilary found herself hugging Aunt Mary. She held her close—her back somehow seemed a little rounded. Aunt Mary's hat looked a bit—well, shabby and her black dress just a little rusty. Hilary hated herself for noticing—always before though it seemed to Hilary that Aunt Mary had looked so stylish when she dressed up. Hilary was picturing Mrs. Abercrombie meeting Marcia and her—the hat, the furs, the lorgnette. She shut out the picture. It was treacherous to compare this lovely little aunt of hers with anyone. It did not occur to Hilary that the money so lovingly and unstintingly supplied to her would have bought Aunt Mary a chic hat, expensive furs and well yes—a lorgnette.

They were walking toward Main Street which sprawled languidly from the north end to the south end of town. The Farmers and Merchants National Bank, it seemed to Hilary now, rather squatted on the corner. Once it had looked quite lofty. Its windows still lettered black and gold assurance to the farmers and merchants and to everybody else that it was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar and Gibraltar's likeness reared itself into being in black and gold realism.

The little clump of old men was on the steps. They all spoke to Aunt Mary.

The COZYDINE doors were open. It was May. The smell of locust blossoms and honey suckle was heavy in the air and filled the cafe. It looked just the same. The brown linoleum was pretty badly worn. Hilary wondered why Aunt Mary didn't get some new. It did not occur to her that the expensive suit she'd worn home would have bought many many yards of new linoleum for the COZYDINE.

Old John Dupres, Assistant Chef, and at least the left-hand of Aunt Mary, came running—"Little Mademoiselle it's nice to have you home. Your Aunt Marie has counted the hours."

Old John had been in the COZYDINE for a long long time—ever since Hilary was a little girl. Often he had told her the story of how Aunt Mary took him in. He had drifted into Hennessey broke. He'd come to the restaurant and asked for food and then for work with which to pay for it. Aunt

Mary had given him both. Old John had been discouraged but Aunt Mary had talked with him. "John, whenever I get a little case of not being able to hold up my head and go on, I peek out at the church steeple. See the Cross atop it—that Cross always points up, John." Sometimes Hilary had looked at it as old John told the story and pointed to it; yes it was a slim, gallant symbol of a great truth; it pointed ever upward to an azurine sky with its summery billows of far away tulle; sometimes it bravely encountered gray skies or sheets of rain but always it pointed up.

Hilary knew about Aunt Mary's pet theory that "bread cast upon the waters, after many days would return." Aunt Mary always used John as an example. "You see I helped him when he needed it. Look at him now—I depend upon him—the cafe could not run without him. The COZYDINE'S as safe in John's hands as in mine."

Hilary could understand that. The theory worked in John Dupres' case. Hilary granted that it was all right to cast bread upon the water, if one had the bread, but she did not feel that one should take his last bread, or almost the last, and then run out searching here and there for water upon which to cast it. Her mouth was a firm line. She had not thought so much about the way Aunt Mary conducted her business until she had been away, but she had decided before she ever came home that she intended to see that Aunt Mary was less gullible, to see that she did not give away half of the food in the cafe and on this vacation she intended to infuse some better, more shrewd practices into Aunt Mary's operations. The way she ran the cafe was old-fashioned and Hilary knew that she could make it more profitable. The milk of human kindness was all right but too much milk made a mighty thin business batter. All of these things coursed through Hilary's brain as she unpacked.

A little later Aunt Mary called her to dinner. They ate at a small table in the front of the restaurant. The dinner crowd had been served. Old John brought out a small basket heaped with fried chicken. He set a plate in front of her—there was a fluffy hill of mashed potatoes, a glacier of cream gravy was sliding down its side. A puffed-up bronzy biscuit on a small plate was trying to hold itself aloof from the fat ball of butter that was melting. A dump of spiced apple jelly was tottering on the side of the plate. Hilary began to eat.

"Pardon me, one moment dear—there goes little Sallie Kelly—I—I want to step to the door to find out how her Mamma is—she's been real sick."

Aunt Mary was at the door, asking Sallie about her sick mother. Hilary paid no attention to the

conversation—the chicken held her attention—but she saw her Aunt Mary scurry to the kitchen and then dash back. "Now Sallie, dear, hurry on home with this bucket of hot soup. If it's not hot when you get there just set it on the stove; it'll be mighty good for your mamma and for you children too, and here's some cold beef. It'll be nice for you and those two brothers of yours to have for sandwiches." The eyes in the slim face of little Sallie shone, "Oh Miss Mary, thank you so much."

"Not at all child. We cook lots here in the restaurant that we can't sell. You see I am remembering once when I was thirteen my Mother took sick. I had to do the cooking for myself and my brothers and I believe, Sallie, that two brothers can eat more than anybody; don't you?" Sally and Aunt Mary both laughed. Sallie hurried on. Aunt Mary came back to the table with shining eyes too.

"You remember Mrs. Keliy, Hilary. She's been working too hard—three children to take care of—and she broke down. Has to have a complete rest. Sallie's doing the work. I 'spect Mrs. Kelly will sleep better tonight knowing that the children will have a good meal and sandwiches for tomorrow. You know how mothers are."

Well somehow Hilary was knowing just a little bit. Funny that a little tin bucket of hot soup could make the lights come in two pair of eyes, so Hilary decided to wait until the next day to speak to Aunt Mary about her lax business operations.

For two days it was perfect—that vacation. And then a short note from Marcia Abercrombie: "Grandmother has started to Texas; she intends to stop in Hennessey enroute for a little visit with you and your Aunt Mary. Do wish that I could be with you."

Hilary was physically sick. "My aunt is a caterer."

In a weak voice she told Aunt Mary that Mrs. Abercrombie was coming and Aunt Mary was delighted. She babbled on, rejoicing that fat new peas were on the market and tender green beans and leafy bronzed-edge lettuce and slender sweet green onions. Mrs. Abercrombie would gaze through her lorgnette at Aunt Mary in the kitchen, she'd see Aunt Mary's old tennis shoes—she'd see her feed tramps—Aunt Mary who was a caterer. Actually when Hilary had told that, it wasn't too difficult to visualize Aunt Mary trim and stylish consulting with the women about their parties, or planning a banquet with the officers of the Knights of Columbus. Hilary could have told Marcia the truth—in fact the idea of telling Aunt Mary was a caterer was born only in the presence of Marcia's grandmother—it was a sort—really it was a sort of loyal

gesture to Aunt Mary because Mrs. Abrecrombie was just so so *ultra*.

Hilary dreaded to hear the whistle of a train, but a train pulled in the next day bringing Mrs. Abercrombie. Hilary was not even there when she arrived and she had arrived at a perfectly awful hour, four o'clock, when Aunt Mary was in the kitchen with John preparing the evening meal. When Hilary did get home Aunt Mary sent her back to Mrs. Abercrombie: "Hurry on in my dear; she understands how it is with me just now. I'm so busy—I took her to my room." Hilary closed her eyes. If only Mrs. Abercrombie had been taken to her (Hilary's) room—to be sure it was not the blood maple and taffeta perfection that Marcia's had been, yet it was pretty—very pretty for Hennessey, but no, Mrs. Abercrombie was in Aunt Mary's bed room. Her expensively shod feet were resting on the ancient hit-and-miss rag rug. Her hat that screamed dollars lay on Aunt Mary's calico-quilt covered bed.

Mrs. Abercrombie was smiling but Hilary knew that she would be too well bred to show her distaste. Hilary greeted her stiffly she knew. She knew too that all of the blood had left her knees and had gone to her face—her knees felt wobbly.

Hilary had no idea what they talked about and finally Aunt Mary came to tell them that they would eat. Hilary saw the food—it was good food, she knew, but somehow it lacked the glamor that it had had that first night when she and Aunt Mary were alone. If only no pet charity of Aunt Mary's passed—if only that meal were over, but it would not be over for a long time, for Mrs. Abercrombie was letting every bite she took melt in her mouth. She would be too well bred to notice that it was really a pretty plebeian meal. Hilary looked out of the door. There sat the old tomato can and those messy bread crumbs; a sparrow or two lingered there. Why hadn't she had the presence of mind to go out and at least remove the can? And then little Pat Wells hobbled by on his crutches. Aunt Mary excused herself. Mrs. Abercrombie looked at her, but Hilary noticed the lorgnette was absent—Mrs. Abercrombie just looked.

Hilary could not hear what her aunt was saying; she did not have to hear, she knew. She was saying something about a jar of salad she would not be able to sell, and half a spring chicken that was lying unsold and that Pat might just as well take them for him and his father for supper. She knew Aunt Mary would put them in a basket so that they would be easy for him to carry and still hold to his crutch. Hilary then saw all of it happen just as she had known it would. She saw the blue veined

thin work-acquainted hand of Aunt Mary reach out and pat the bony little shoulder of a boy on crutches; she saw a little boy's smile—the hungry smile of a little boy who could not run or play. She saw admiration and love in the great eyes that he turned to her Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary had made a little boy happy. The tears fell and Hilary was not ashamed. Mrs. Abercrombie laid a soft hand on her arm. "Hilary dear, I know how happy it must make you—isn't she wonderful?"

"Wonderful—yes, that's it, Mrs. Abercrombie she's wonderful. She's built me a house of happiness. The steps that lead to it are made of her courage and love, the real concrete that's in them is the sand of her prayers, mixed with her sweat and tears in the trough of her faith and longing."

"That's a lovely way to put it child."

"Do you see that—that tomato can out there? She not only builds houses of happiness for others—she even has time to feed the birds—she says something about 'doing it to the least of these.' Mrs. Abercrombie you can see that she's a caterer all right—a caterer to every one who needs her."

"Hilary, young folks are—well you know sometimes difficult for older folks to understand. I just wonder if Marcia idolizes me as you idolize your Aunt Mary. I'm only human enough to hope she does."

"I'm sure that she does, Mrs. Abercrombie. She is always so proud of you."

"Are you sure, Hilary?"

"Yes, very very sure."

"I'm glad. You know she never says so, but then some girls are just different from others, I suppose. Some are just more demonstrative." "Well, Mrs. Abercrombie, you see I've never told Aunt Mary just how I feel about her. I've never told anyone but you—here at this table tonight. I never quite realized it before, but I am going to tell her and this very night too. Somehow just sitting here with you made me know that I want to tell her—I want to have her know just how I feel." "Hilary, I believe you have a good bit of your Aunt Mary in you. You see I was sitting here feeling a bit useless in comparison with your Aunt Mary and you have made me feel that I have done something worthwhile and I'm glad—you know just glad inside."

"Yes, Mrs. Abercrombie I do know and when Aunt Mary gets back shall we call the first meeting of the Caterers To Those Who Need It Society?" Mrs. Abercrombie fairly beamed as she carefully salted a slick green onion and contemplated the sized bit she'd take.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

If a mule shoe fits you, you had better make a change in yourself!

There are some people who when they cannot get blood out of a turnip, want the turnip.

A visionary is one who knows when the train is coming, but is never there to catch it.

Suffering is the mortar of love for it makes two souls one.

Those who wish to promote the honor and glory of God, must first promote the knowledge of him.

We cannot blame our frailties on our human nature, but on the disorders of it.

All loves should tend toward and fuse with one's love of God.

If you have made up your mind that sin does not pay, why are you ever on the alert seeking how it can be done with impunity or with profit?

He who follows Christ walks alone even in the midst of a crowd.

Love is a treasure that is to be given away generously, not hoarded.

What some men look upon as virility, such as cursing, impure stories, and boasting of sins, is but weakness and cowardice.

When hearing a sermon or reading a spiritual book apply the things you hear or read to yourself, not to others.

The best way to get along with suffering is not to dodge it, but to embrace it.

The man who is everyone's friend is no one's friend.

The actions of our fellow-men should never be judged on face value alone.

It is time for the world to cease to follow its own will and caprices, and seek the will of God.

HOUSE OF IMMORTALITY

House of Frailty:

A spirit strong
Despising wrong
Yet housed in frailty.

Willing spirit
Flesh does fear it
Weakly does betray it.

House of Strength:

The inner place
Strong-hold of grace
Withstands intrigues of flesh.

Strong-souled spirit
Flesh can sear it
Cannot nihilate it.

House of Glory:

Flesh falls to ruin
Thus all so soon
Despot Death does conquer.

Resurrection!
The soul has won!
And flesh a victor too!

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

One thing about temptations against purity, you know when they are present and can take the means to fight them.

Only weak souls take scandal.

If you must change the field after you have put your hand to the plow, do not look back, but ever forward.

The first fruit of disillusionment should be wisdom, not bitterness.

There is pride in every wrong one does. You can prove it by a calm and cool analysis of conscience.

Eccentricity is a form of pride, an unusual form!

Our Lady's hitch-hikers are those who thumb their way to Heaven on the Rosary.

There is a dangerous similarity between passion and love. Youth often does not distinguish that which is passion and that which is love.

Death is part of the share of our inheritance as children of Adam. Whether we wish to claim it or not, it will claim each one of us.

It is not an idle theory that one strengthens one's will power by exercising it; and mortification is one of the best exercisers.

Anyone can be vulgar, but it takes a lady or a gentleman not to be.

Ill health can discipline one better than a hair shirt or a scourge if accepted and borne in the right way.

Life in itself is most simple; it is only we who complicate it.

Many people have sorrow for their sins, but never think of doing any self-inflicted penance for them.

It is God Who decides what is a sin and what is not. Man's opinion matters not.

Brother Meinrad Helps

I am enclosing an offering for a favor that was granted. I prayed to Brother Meinrad one day, and the next day my request was answered.
G. G. (Ind.)

Through the intercession of Brother Meinrad my son received a good place in the army and received a promotion. I promised alms and publication.
C. S. (Ind.)

I am very grateful to Brother Meinrad for a successful operation.
S. M. H. (Ind.)

I wish to express my sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad for a special favor granted in behalf of my mother.
S. M. L. (Ind.)

Brother Meinrad has helped me on many occasions. He has helped me in my mid-year exams which I thought I would never pass. He has also helped my folks regain each other's love.
C. P. (Ill.)

I have very great faith in Brother Meinrad and have been granted several favors of a minor nature, but one of them seemed very important to me. As it was of a private nature I prefer not to mention the details.
R. L. (Ind.)

I have prayed to Brother Meinrad for several favors and have received them. I wish to have it published in THE GRAIL.
A. R. (Ind.)

I am sending an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving for a favor obtained through St. Benedict and Brother Meinrad.
E. O. (Ind.)

I wish to thank Brother Meinrad for helping my mother last year when she was sick with inflammatory rheumatism. The doctors had given her up several times. They



The Servant of God, Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B., whose cause for beatification has been inaugurated, continues to grant remarkable help to those who invoke him. A holy picture bearing his picture and a prayer for his glorification will be sent to any who ask for it. Pictures are now available which have touched the relics of the Servant of God. Please send a stamped and addressed envelope to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana. A 32 page booklet, illustrated, giving the life of Brother Meinrad can be obtained from THE GRAIL for ten cents. Please report all favors obtained through the intercession of Brother Meinrad to the Reverend Jerome Palmer, O.S.B., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

sent her to the hospital. We had a Mass said for the glorification of Brother Meinrad and she recovered and is able to do her housework.
L. M. (Ind.)

My husband and I each promised a Mass for a great favor received through Brother Meinrad.
J. P. (Ind.)

After praying fifteen years for a certain favor I finally got it after praying to Brother Meinrad. I promised publication.
M. M. (Pa.)

I am sending an offering for favors received from Brother Meinrad again. My sister's baby came without difficulty and mother successfully underwent her operation.
G. C. (Pa.)

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving for a favor. I asked and received it the same day.... I find my favors are quickly granted when I ask Brother Meinrad to intercede for me.
K. Y. (Conn.)

My husband had been idle for four months. I asked Brother Meinrad to get him work. He now has a good job.
A. K. (Mich.)

I promised publication when Brother Meinrad granted my request.
A. B. (Ind.)

Inclosed find an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for past favors and for another intention.
O. P. H. (Ind.)

I am writing to tell you that I have had many favors answered through the prayer you sent me of Brother Meinrad.
L. G. (Ill.)

I wish to give public thanks for a favor I received through the intercession of Brother Meinrad.... This was a most miraculous transaction.
T. A. (Ind.)

Please offer a Holy Mass for the glorification of Brother Meinrad, who has granted me a great favor.
S. M. A. (Pa.)

My request was granted, for which I promised publication.
C. G. (Ohio)

I asked a couple of favors of Brother Meinrad. Both were granted in a very short time. A. V. (Ind.)

Please publish my grateful thanks to St. Benedict and Brother Meinrad for almost instant relief from very severe pain. M. M. (N. Y.)

I made a novena to Brother Meinrad and got what I asked for. I wish to send this money as a gift. A. L. (Ohio)

I promised Brother Meinrad I would have a Mass offered if a favor were granted. It was granted. J. F. (Ind.)

Enclosed find offerings for Masses for the glorification of Brother Meinrad for favors received. E. M. (Ind.)

I want to express my sincerest thanks to Brother Meinrad. I found a prayer to him which I prayed, and received almost instant help. I also prayed for my business and he helped me there, too. T. S. (Ohio)

Enclosed find offerings for Masses in thanksgiving for favors of Brother Meinrad and the Blessed Virgin. Our two children underwent two serious operations and are now well. A. M. B. (Ind.)

I wish to thank Brother Meinrad for two special favors. M. H. (Ind.)

My husband received an increase in salary after he finished his ninth day of a novena to Brother Meinrad. C. P. (Ky.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad for a friend to receive an advancement to an Officer's Training School. The promotion was given. A. M. (Ind.)

Brother Meinrad has come to my assistance twice. D. H. B. (Ind.)

I am enclosing an offering for a Mass in thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favors received in settling up an estate, in obtaining work, and many other favors. F. S. (Ind.)

I had a breaking out on my body which left when I prayed to Brother Meinrad. My brother dropped a jack hammer on his foot and I prayed to Brother Meinrad that no serious injury would result. His foot is all right. L. McG. (Ind.)

Brother Meinrad has been a great help to us on many occasions. J. R. (Ind.)

There has happened quite recently a series of circumstances that seemed absolutely impossible of solution and I was almost in despair; but out of a clear sky and through no act of mine, the way was cleared and I was led out of my tremendous difficulty. J. M. (Ill.)

My request was granted, for which I promised publication. E. M. (Ind.)

Enclosed is an offering for a Mass for a favor received through Brother Meinrad. D. L. N. (Ind.)

I started my novena and sent my petitions to St. Meinrad. Two of them were granted right away. I wish to include in my thanksgiving the recovery of my sister from four rib operations through Brother Meinrad's help. C. C. (Ind.)

Received my favors through Brother Meinrad and wish to have it published in THE GRAIL. A. M. (Ind.)

I have been praying to Brother Meinrad for a very special favor for my family. My request was granted. L. T. A. (Ky.)

Since starting a perpetual novena to Brother Meinrad I have been granted every single favor that I have requested. Among the things that I received were the following: my mother's speedy recovery from a serious illness, financial aid, the ability to buy a home, a position, and the straightening out of a situation which was causing much trouble to all concerned. D. G. (Cal.)

I received a couple of favors through the intercession of Brother Meinrad. R. O'B. (Mass.)

I have been suffering with intense pain in my legs and though I went to several doctors, I received no help. After praying to Brother Meinrad the pain immediately ceased and I was able to enjoy an outing, even to swim. I have returned to my work and now experience no pain. E. J. F. (Mass.)

I prayed to Brother Meinrad that my father's death would be peaceful. He granted my wish. J. M. (Ind.)

I am sending an offering in thanksgiving for many favors received through Brother Meinrad, for which I promised publication. J. P. (N. Y.)

Please say a Mass of thanksgiving for the honor of Brother Meinrad, who has come to my assistance on several occasions, and to whom I am deeply grateful. L. M. (Ill.)

My husband had been failing in health for two years and no doctor could help him. The pain in his thigh and leg was so severe that he could not sit down, but could only walk about at a very slow pace. He was sixty years old. I started the prayer to Brother Meinrad and before a week had passed he told me he could feel a change. Now he is employed by as draftsman and can sit a long time on a high stool to do his drawings. He walks briskly and fast.... J. W. (Cal.)

Have been praying for a special intention, begging the whole heavenly Court to intercede with Brother Meinrad as attorney. My appeal has not been in vain. You may publish this with the other favors. F. K. (Ind.)

Please publish in THE GRAIL my thanksgiving for the great favors received. K. C. (Mich.)

Please accept offering for a Mass in honor and thanksgiving to Brother Meinrad for favor received. T. P. (Ohio)

I was suddenly seized with a bleeding from an inner organ. The doctor feared cancer. He examined and operated on me but found no cancer. He attributed my good fortune to prompt attention to myself. As Brother Meinrad helped me very materially in January, I ascribe this partially to him also. M. E. D. (Md.)

Sincere thanks to Brother Meinrad. Through his intercession I was freed immediately from a very sore leg from which I had suffered over 35 years. M. M. M. (Iowa)



Willie Soza, from Soboba Reservation in Southern California, and Paul Wilhelm, from 1000 Palms Oasis, look out from the mouth of the cave over miles of central Arizona wilderness

FOSSIL CANYON, situated in central Arizona's vast, pine wilderness, runs twelve miles through a broken plateau country overrun profusely with deer, bear, turkey and lion. Will Soza, my Mission Indian friend and I have been in Fossil Canyon for two weeks. Since we found that our hidden canyon was discovered, the cliff ruin ravaged and the sacred chamber above the cliff ruin plundered of mummies, turquoise jewelry and painted pottery, we are leaving with our burros for the Navajo country northward. Yesterday, coming away forever from our lost cliff village we saw our first bear tracks. They were huge things, but Bruin was at peace with the world for the tracks ambled haphazardly, turning occasionally into brambles in search of berries.

This entire territory is leased by the Arizona Power Company. Here in Fossil Canyon are springs that burst forth from subterranean streams through fissures in fossilized rocks and fall in lacey loveliness to the river far below. The river slides between banks covered with cedar and wild walnut trees until it backs up behind Fossil Dam. There Charlie Castleberry and his wife Minnie, live in a little white house shaded by willow trees—two fine, rare people, possessing genuine Arizona wilderness hospitality. They are on the job as dam keepers,

This is Wilderness!

Paul Wilhelm

for at this point in the windings of Fossil River, the water spills into a viaduct and sings along four miles where it enters turbines at the power plant marked on maps "Irving." According to my Apache friend, Dixson Lewis, this little hamlet should be called by its Indian name, "place-where-water-falls-from-hills." From Irving, the swift water enters a pipeline and drops to the three turbines at Childs power station five miles further on. From there it is spewed into Verde River, running at last into the great artificial lake behind Roosevelt Dam.

Fossil Springs supplies most of Arizona with electric power, but to Will and me, it is a paradise of deep pools, swift for trout and fine swimming, and little inlets where watercress has claimed quiet currents and where shy deer come down at sunset to nibble succulent, watery leaves. Though the whole canyon is indirectly part of high-powered civilization, adding a faster tempo to the lives of thousands of Arizona people, to us it is an oasis in the tangled wilderness of Tonto Basin's zones of chaparral and pine—a verdant, watery vein made of ferns and dripping leaves moistened from mists of Fossil Falls; it is a canyon of cliff ruins, and above the old villages, on flat mesas, ancient, long-deserted pueblos are to be found; in Fossil Canyon perfect examples of ancient pictographs are located on smooth surfaces of rocks—a place filled with quiet evenings around a campfire, to Will and me, the most tolerable third party. Many nights, half-dozing beneath wild walnut trees, sleepily watching Andromeda steal by, we hear a lion's whistle, or the cough of our friend, the bear who comes to our garbage pit and has high times cleaning out tin cans. We finally met the bear. It happened at our secret cave. We had gone back to look upon the sacred chamber not seen by either of us for two years—a veritable "shrine in the wilderness" upon which our imagination fed. . . .

We left cottonwoods and elders behind and drifted into our hidden canyon. It was cathedral-like with

yellow pine and white oak and the music of a contented little stream. Above us, vermillion buttresses towered into a cerulean sky. At the base of one such sandstone cliff we beheld our cave, one thousand feet above the canyon floor.

Quitting the stream bed we cut two aspen poles. If the ladder we had built two years before had disintegrated, we could build another from the poles and attain our sacred chamber. We snaked the poles around rocks and through buckthorn and came within a hundred feet of the cave in an hour. Beginning the last ascent we heard a deep growl. Looking up, we beheld a black bear standing in the fifteen foot cave entrance. It pawed the air with great movements, emitting throaty warnings as it glared angrily down at us. When it saw that it could not call our bluff the bear ran forward out of the cave, tripped, fell, and rolled headlong down the steep incline finally finding its feet and retreating into a clump of cedars. We stood laughing, a little uneasily, I must admit, until tears came to our eyes, knowing then that the bear was our friend of the garbage pit.

When we gained the cave's entrance we felt instantly that marauders had plundered the upper chamber though everything apparently was as we had left it, even to the jackpine ladder leading to the aperture in the ceiling of the cave. Suddenly Will cried out and pointed at the black wall, sooty from years of campfires built by those ancient people that had tenanted the cave. There were the initials "F. L." and below, the date, "1939." A feeling of danger crept into the gloom of the cave.

"Looters have found our mummy chamber," I said to Will.

"But why this warning to us?" he whispered.

It seemed nonsensical that such rooms might have power left by witch doctors and I told Will so.

"Not when you know that medicine men are skillful with bones, smoke and blood dried black," said Will. "With prayers and monotones, they have been known to leave power that's death to man."

"A curse?" It seemed incredulous.

"A curse on those that find their bones," he explained, "for my people command sorcery as well as you the lives of saints."

"Here's an arrowshaft," I said, playing the flashlight around. Under the aperture in the cave's ceiling we found half a breechcloth, remains of corn cobs and a pair of moccasins.

"I'll see what they stole," said Will, and was halfway up the ladder when I felt terror enter into my vitals—a nameless something filled with evil. "Will! Everything is gone!" I shouted; "let's go away from here!" But his figure had entered the aper-



Hieroglyphics adorn the walls, and outside, beside the opening, there are symbols of lizards, deer, and lions.

ture and from far-off came his voice relating that everything was gone—the plunderers had been thorough.

"Wedged in the rocky ceiling of the storeroom are left a few bunches of arrowshafts," he cried. "When I pull on any of the bunches, dust and rocks loosen and fall... Here is some human hair! And here a spear, its jasper head a bright red color. There must be a room above our mummy cave!"

I felt a grave foreboding. And then came Will's voice, deliberating: "Perhaps a little pull—"

I heard a cry of pain. The crevice belched and havoc tore titanic power through the cave, spilling rocks about like spray. From the far end of the cave I saw the rocks pile high, and I was certain it was Will's sealed, wilderness tomb, for, burning prophetic in my mind there flashed again a presence, grand in ghostlihood, whose shrouds were blown about by winds from its ecstatic leap, which raved "Revenge!" and thrust a spear into a dark shape.

A hush came over the cave, settling more quiet than the gentle seep of dust flakes—sure, more sure than these! Gloom was my dim companion and a strange, dull fear which deepened the shadows making fancy shape strange faces... Crazy witch doctors with vacuous masks leering through skins implacable and drawn, their bony hands eager for tasks mystic with evil... Oh, blind men! Why do

you leave your vault for this new Bridge that arches brief? Behold his rocky sepulcher! Lo, spirits, your triumph complete! But know you that Soul is at rest above these hills though Heart lies quiet beneath those stones!

Too tired for grief, I wandered through old doors, hungry for dustless air. Will saw the day for which I strove—the depths across deep canyons—the pine cove above that gorge filled with my leaden thoughts... And then I saw an eagle spanning half the sky in one headlong sweep, and between the gloom of earth and first stars trailing the aisles of night I held tryst with Faith and Hope on those far-reaching flights—climbed up a steep—was bathed in heavenly light—made strong!—before the sun dropped against the shoulder of the west! And in that instant I knew that I must gain access to the mummy chamber.

I fashioned a new ladder and made my way into the aperture. In mummy cave I found Will sitting on the floor, in a daze, but smiling, though half smothered from dust. His head and shoulders were cut from falling rocks.

"You took a long time to come," he said.



"I had to build a ladder," but I saw that Will knew this was only half truth, and when our eyes met in the flashlight glow, we recognized that something strange had taken place that afternoon far up in the silence of the cliff cave.

"We have a new secret chamber," he said, pointing upward. But the air was too foul for excavation. And that same strange logic told us to quit the cave.

Tonight we are camped on the ledge of the cliff cave. It is hung between silent depths of darkness, earth below and glittering, indigo sky above... There might be fragrance in the night from cedar smoke and warmth in a campfire for those whose strength has gone, but there is no joy in wild incense nor warmth in firelight for us. In suspense we await the rising sun, and our hearts are heavy with the power of the cave. When morning comes we will leave and not return until we have found health in our spirits. At Saint Michael's, in northern Arizona, the Franciscans have unlimited work among the poor and needy Navajos. To them we will go, for true spiritual happiness is only attained by doing a good deed secretly....

Willie Soza and Paul Wilhelm in the Indian Cave, thirty feet in depth. An aperture in the ceiling leads into an upper store-room.

I Learned---

Richard L. Skinner

SOURCES of story material are hard enough to find anywhere, and when one has his activities confined to a fifty-seven acre plot they are even fewer.

I was under the impression that I had used all mine after selling three articles to one magazine. I racked my brains for something new, knowing that such a subject would find favor at once with the editor I had in mind. I read back issues trying to see what the other writers had used, but could find nothing.

Then, suddenly it came to me that I had all the material in the world to draw upon, and this story material was not new, but was what I had sold there before and exactly what I shall continue to sell as long as I can find paper to write on.

What was this subject? You know without my telling you. The fact that you are reading this particular magazine shows that you want to learn more about the subject—God!

And why shouldn't I be able to sell stories dealing with, of, and about God, when I am sending it to one of His Disciples? The writing need be only about what the editor and his readers want to know more about. Our Choir, our Catechism class, our Services of worship and how each of these affect the men's lives here behind prison walls are all material, and what material! Volumes could be written about each and still never tell the whole truth of how these men have been won into the fold of God, yes, and how some of those who had strayed, have been won back into the fold of God.

I have already told the readers of this magazine how God touched my life and I should like to tell of it again that new readers may be aware of it. I am a prisoner in the State Prison of Southern Michigan. Not a first timer, but a repeater; on the records as an habitual criminal, but two years ago I went to work in the Choir room as Secretary to the Choir Director, and it was my pleasure for a year and a half to assist the Catholic Chaplain of the prison by preparing the room each week for his Catechism class and I listened many, many times as he gave his Catechetical instructions. This was all strange to me, for I had been brought up in a Protestant home and taught to believe that any-

thing pertaining to Catholicism was all wrong. As a youth I was given literature to read that was supposed to lead me far far away from any, and everything dealing with the Mother Church.

I learned many things listening to Father Stouter: first of all that the Catholic Church dated back farther than any other Church. I learned that all Protestant churches sprang from the Lutheran church and that from this branch church, came other branches until now it would take a volume to name all the different denominations that have blossomed out for a short period both here and abroad. Many more books would be needed to try and explain the difference that each denomination claims as its reason for existence. I may not be overly endowed with earthly sense, but it was plain enough for a child to see that there could be only one true church, the one that Christ endowed and the one that has endured throughout all these ages, the one which hands down at the last, the sceptre to another to carry on God's work—the Catholic Church.

Atrocities mean no letting up of the work for Disciples of God's Church; it means only that they must endure and try just that much harder to bring truth to a war-mad world.

It might seem strange that I, a Protestant as yet, should know so much of Catholic affairs, but that is easily explained. One day I asked Father Stouter's clerk if I might have a Catechism book to study. I got it, of course, and the next day the same clerk stopped me and offered me a book which Father Stouter had picked from his library that he thought I might like to read. I did enjoy it, and I have tried to bring some of the principles into my life which I found there.

I wouldn't endeavor to say just how much it has helped me, but the mental anguish that has stopped is not all the gain I have realized. Three months ago I was placed in a position of trust outside the prison and I believe that, had I not begun to change visibly, this would not have been the case. Inner change is one thing that can not take place without showing through us in many ways. The surface is but a mirror of our inner feelings. It follows that you are what you think. I believe that

the old axiom, "As the twig is bent, so grows the tree" is exactly the case in direct relation to the way a person thinks and acts. Good thoughts, God thoughts, bring persons of a like nature around you and friends spring from most unexpected places when your mind clears itself of evil thoughts.

To illustrate how some friendships are brought about, I found a lovely poem "Desert Spring" on the back of *THE GRAIL*. A friend of mine set it to music when I brought it to his attention. I wrote *THE GRAIL* asking permission to have it copyrighted and shortly received their whole-hearted best wishes, but as the author was bringing out a book of poems with that particular one in it, the editor wrote him asking permission and I not only received it, but in the ensuing corres-

pondence with the poet, I added another Christian friend to my list.

Not that it is necessary, but to show that this friendship is true, I should like to point out that there is nothing material that I have which the poet could possibly wish for, nor is there much likelihood of my ever having anything but friendship to offer. Such friends are not the kind that drop you when you have trouble. They come when you are in trouble and certainly can not be classed as fair weather friends.

Such friends lift a man almost in spite of himself. Their prayers and well wishes help me to endure this time I must spend behind prison bars and help me to so plan my life while here that there will be no need of returning again.

The Workmanship of God

Translated from Lactantius,
a Third Century Ecclesiastical Writer

WHEN God had ordained of all the animals to make man alone heavenly, and all the rest earthly, He created him upright so that he could contemplate the heavens....; but He created the others facing the earth, that, inasmuch as they have no expectation of immortality, being cast down with their whole body to the ground, they might be subservient to their appetite and food. And thus the right reason and erect posture of man alone, and his countenance, shared with and closely resembling God, his Father, bespeak his origin and Maker. His mind, nearly divine, seated in the highest part, the head, as in a lofty citadel, looks out upon and observes all things. He formed this, its palace, not drawn out and extended, as in the case of dumb animals, but like an orb and a globe, because full roundness denotes perfection of plan and figure.

The mind and that divine fire is covered with the skull as with a vault; and when He had covered it with a natural garment, He also furnished and adorned the face—the front—with the necessary members.

First He closed the orbs of the eyes with concave apertures; and He would have these to be neither less nor more than two, because no number is more perfect as to appearance than that of two. He also made the ears two, a fact which bears with it a great degree of beauty, both because of their mutual resemblance, and because of the way in which voices coming from both sides may more easily be heard. The form itself is fashioned after a wonderful manner: He would not have their apertures to be naked and uncovered, which would have been less becoming and less useful, since the voice might fly beyond the narrow

space of simple openings, and be diffused unless the openings themselves confined it; they rather receive the sounds through hollow windings like funnels, free from reverberations.

The ears, then, God would not form of soft skins, which hanging down and flaccid, might take away beauty; nor of hard and solid bones, lest, being stiff and immovable, they should be inconvenient for use. But He designed something between these, a softer cartilage that they might have at once a befitting and flexible firmness.

In these the office of hearing only is placed, as that of seeing is in the eyes, the acuteness of which is especially inexplicable and wonderful; for He covered their orbs.... with transparent membranes, that the images of objects placed before them, being refracted as in a mirror, might penetrate to the innermost perception. How little should we be able to see, if from the innermost recesses of the head the mind should observe through narrow slits! If anyone should look through a stalk of hemlock, he would see no more than the stalk itself. For sight, therefore, it was needful that the members should be collected together into an orb, that the range of vision might be wider. The unspeakable power of Divine Providence made two orbs exactly resembling each other, and so bound them together that they might be moved and directed with moderation. And He willed that the eyes themselves should be filled with pure and clear liquid, in the center of which sparks of light might be kept shut up, which we call the pupils, in which is contained the faculty of sight. The mind, therefore, directs itself through these orbs that it may see, and the sight of both eyes is coordinated in a wonderful manner.

estian

this
that
poet
hood
offer.
when
re in
fair

hself.
ndure
help
ill be

s the
ceive
free

skins,
away
stiff
use.
softer
g and

that
ch is
vered
t the
racted
per-
from
hould
look
than
eedful
to an
e un-
orbs
m to-
with
selves
center
which
lty of
these
yes in

ctober